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ARE THE IRISH EVICTED TENANTS KNAVES?

HOW do the landlords propose to account for their rage over the determination to submit the case of the Irish evicted tenants to public investigation? They, and Mr. Balfour as their protagonist, have made English platforms ring for years past with denunciations of the Irish agrarian combinations. Who has not listened to Tory orators red to the roots of their hair with indignation against the dishonesty, immorality, and bloodguiltiness of the Plan of Campaign? How many Primrose Dames are there who do not figure it vaguely to themselves as a conspiracy of thriving tenants and criminal agitators, begun with the intention of cheating good landlords of their moderate rents, and carried on by means of cattle houghing and shooting in the legs, until it was at last grappled with and put down by Mr. Balfour of glorious and immortal memory? Why does the Tory heart sink at the proposal to subject the doings of Mr. Balfour and of his wicked enemies to the cold light of an official Commission? A Tory Ministry forced the Parnell Commission on the House of Commons by the gag, *dum* Pigott *erat*. Ten years of Irish history was not considered too wide a space for three Unionist judges to roam over in the quest for matter discreditable to the Irish cause. It may be presumed that Mr. Morley will not follow the example set by the late Mr. W. H. Smith and appoint an Evicted Tenants' Commission of three Nationalist members of Parliament. The combinations to be inquired into are few and definite. Mr. Balfour's view of them is on record. They were born of dishonesty, conducted by crime, and disposed of once for all by coercion. Here are questions of facts easily ascertainable, one way or the other. What better salve could be applied to Mr. Balfour's wounded feelings than an official exposure of the wickedness of the thousands of persons he was obliged

to evict and cast into prison, and an imperishable record of the triumphant results which attended his heroic proceedings? Nevertheless, the proposed Commission does not excite the same enthusiasm in Tory breasts as the *Times* Commission. It is a notable fact that the merits or demerits of any combination under the Plan of Campaign have never been, to this hour, investigated in a court of justice. In the Coercion Courts any reference to the crushing character of the rents, or to the landlords' unreasonableness, was invariably ruled to be irrelevant. When, in the case of the Mitchelstown estate, I proposed to show that the evictions I denounced were fixed for a few days before the Royal Assent to the Land Act of 1887, and that my remarks had the effect of protecting the tenants from an attempt to defraud them of the benefits of that Act, I was informed by my Removable judges that that had nothing to do with the case. In the case of each and every agrarian combination formed since 1886 the tenants have courted arbitration and, failing that, public investigation. They have done so, I hope to be able to show, for the same reason for which the landlords and coercionists have as steadily set their faces against either arbitration or investigation—namely, because the facts prove that the evicted tenants have been turned out of their homes, not through any dishonesty or criminality of their own, but through the astounding folly of Mr. Balfour who deliberately shut them out from the Land Act of 1887 and marked them down as victims of landlord vengeance and coercionist braggadocio. Furthermore, investigation will prove that the attempt (in Mr. Smith-Barry's notorious phrase) to "make an example" of the evicted tenants ignominiously failed; that, after bombarding those couple of dozen bodies of Irish peasants with every conceivable weapon of coercion for five years, Mr. Balfour left every one of the little peasant combinations unbroken just where he found them; and that, consequently, the reputation of a successful coercionist, wherewith he managed to exalt himself and ruin his party, is a matter that will bear close public inquiry no better than the late Mr. Pigott's forged letters.

The initial fact to be borne in mind is that at the passing of the Land Act of 1887 not more than fifty of the Campaign tenants had been evicted—my belief is not above a dozen. Seventeen hundred families who have been since dispossessed were still safe by their firesides. The thousands of Coercion prosecutions, the police fusillades, prison scenes, and burnings of evicted cabins with paraffin oil, which disgraced Ireland for five years and lost the General Election for the

Tories, had not yet taken place. A statesman of good sense might have then and there closed the Plan of Campaign chapter in peace if he had recognised that the Campaign combinations were simply a rough-spun remedy for an admitted evil. He had only to insert in the Act of 1887 a clause entitling the Campaigners to the benefits of the Act their own exertions had secured for their brother tenants. For example, Lord Lansdowne's judicial tenants at Luggacurran in 1886 claimed a reduction of 15 per cent. Lord Lansdowne, like Lord Salisbury, swore by all his gods that autumn that he would not abate judicial rents by one farthing. The Land Act of the following year declared that the judicial rents must be abated nevertheless, and 13 per cent. was the reduction which the law compulsorily made in that very Luggacurran division. The Act of Parliament, therefore, established that the tenants were right and Lord Lansdowne wrong. Had the tenants been admitted honestly to their 13 per cent. the struggle in Luggacurran would have been over five years ago. When the Act passed, however, the tenants were under notice of eviction. The whole estate has since been cleared of its population, and Lord Lansdowne is at present invoking the aid of the House of Lords to pull down the wooden huts in which his homeless tenantry have found shelter. It was so all over the country. To proscribe the Campaign tenants as *hostes humani generis*, to hunt them down, wild game fashion, by way of warning to the Irish tenantry of the unforgivable sin of combination and of Mr. Balfour's prowess as a coercionist, became the settled policy of Mr. Balfour and his landlord confederates. "If I were an Irish landlord I should rather beg my bread than yield to the Plan of Campaign," said Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith-Barry organised a syndicate of wealthy Englishmen to "make an example" of the Ponsonby tenantry. The Irish people, for their part, knew that the Campaign tenants, if they were pedantically speaking wrong, were in truth and substance right. They determined they would not tamely submit to see these men exterminated. There followed five years of police terrorism, of cruel evictions, of all those incidents which have landed the Tory party on the left of the Speaker's chair. The tenants won in many cases, the landlords won in none, and now that the struggle has cost the landlords and the British taxpayers probably five hundred times the amount of the original rent disputes, it is found that Mr. Balfour's squalid exploits were a gross and cruel blunder from beginning to end, and his successor is asked to do the thing which, if it

had been done in 1887, would have saved the Tory Administration five years of disreputable misconduct and inevitable defeat—namely, to cease persecuting those seventeen hundred homeless peasant families, and cast about for some sensible means of re-admitting them to the little cabins from which they were driven in the interests of Mr. Smith-Barry's claim to a peerage and of Mr. Balfour's fame in the Habitations of the Primrose League.

In the salad days of the late Government the dishonesty of the Campaign tenants and the shining virtues of their landlords were insisted upon in tones of thunder. "Organised embezzlement" was Lord Salisbury's characterisation of the tenants' ethics. I wonder how many of the Campaigned landlords will attempt to take up that brave position before a Commission empowered to inquire into facts and figures? The tenants struggled against rack rents that were crushing them into the earth. They sought reductions smaller than the Land Courts would have awarded them, if they had not been of set purpose excluded from legal relief. The so-called "rich" tenants, whose dishonesty was the special horror of pure-souled rack-renters, because they made common cause with their poorer and more helpless brethren, were simply men not yet reduced to actual beggary, but whose rents were even more iniquitous than those of their pauper neighbours, and who have had to face the larger share of the suffering and self-sacrifice of the common struggle. It is safe to predict that at this time of day no serious attempt will be made to deny that the evicted tenants are the victims of heartless landlord embezzlement—the prey of a system of dishonesty which Lord Salisbury's own Government was coerced into restraining by Act of Parliament. The Clanricarde and Ponsonby estates include one-fourth of the total number of evicted Campaigners. No human being has yet been found to say an apologetic word for Lord Clanricarde. His own leading counsel could not help designating his clearances as "the devil's work." "Lord Clanricarde," wrote the *Times* newspaper in reference to the trial of Joyce *v.* Clanricarde, "has been proved to have behaved throughout the entire transaction with a baseness and a harshness to his agent and his tenantry which are hardly credible." Hardly credible even by the late Mr. Pigott's paymaster! Nevertheless, this man of hardly credible baseness has been permitted for eight years past to devastate twenty square miles of country; has been supplied with extra police escorts uncounted for his agents and bailiffs, to accompany them in their walks, protect them in their

evictions, and sweep through the country with them, moss-trooper-wise, in their nightly raids for cattle; there were one hundred and fifty Coercion prosecutions against his heart-broken tenantry, long terms of imprisonment, one shocking death in prison, a bare escape from prosecution of a present Cabinet Minister for daring to hold a public meeting upon the estate, and at the present moment there is pending an order of the High Courts to raze the wooden huts that are sheltering the heads of the evicted from the mountain blast. Perhaps Lord Salisbury would kindly favour the Commission with his views as to where the organised embezzlement lies here, or as to what strait-waistcoat less elastic than a British Act of Parliament will restrain a man of the mental turn of the Most Noble the Marquis of Clanricarde from keeping half a county plunged in misery?

The circumstances of the Ponsonby struggle, and of Mr. Smith-Barry's evil apparition on the scene, are not yet so well understood in England. One of the advantages of the Commission of Inquiry will be to publish those circumstances far and wide in a manner that cannot be disposed of by vapourings upon Primrose platforms. There is a congenital eccentricity to be pleaded for Lord Clanricarde. It will be curious to see what better excuse than ambition for an extinct family title Mr. Smith-Barry will be able to offer for his interposition at the very moment of an amicable settlement on the Ponsonby estate—an estate with which he was wholly unconnected, and whose tenantry his own agent declared to be grossly rack-rented. The proofs to that effect can be piled heaven-high. The tenantry, although they toiled like slaves on their wretched plots, were so poor that years before the present struggle they had to be saved from famine by public relief. Through the agency of Sir John Arnott landlord and tenants had come so near a settlement that, in the words of the landlord's representative, Mr. Brunker, "I had hoped to effect such modifications in the tenants, offer as would enable me to recommend it as a full and fair one," when, all of a sudden, Mr. Smith-Barry announced in a banquet speech that he had organised a syndicate of opulent aristocrats to take over the estate bodily from the landlord, and "make an example of" the refractory tenantry. He did so. He has evicted two hundred and forty-one out of two hundred and forty-six tenants—practically the entire population of the estate—and has left ten thousand acres of land, in Mr. T. W. Russell's phrase, "waving with docks and thistles." And the tenantry upon whom he has executed this appalling vengeance are

the tenantry of whom Mr. Smith-Barry's own agent, Mr. Horace Townsend, wrote :—

"From what I have seen of the Ponsonby estate I am sorry to say that I believe the Land Commission, if it ever goes before it, will reduce the rents on it very heavily. . . . It is quite good enough ground for fighting, the tenants having required an equal all-round reduction, and then gone to the Plan of Campaign, but I consider that the late agent should have given larger allowances than 20 per cent. on a good deal of the lands, and have had all re-valued at the commencement of the row before the Plan of Campaign was adopted. The existing rates on light tillage lands, which might have been fair fifteen or twenty years ago, are far above the present value. A good deal of land I saw I was told was rented at 20s., but it will go under the Land Court at 12s. or 13s., and that is Barter's (the agent of the Landlord's Corporation) opinion also. I advise Mr. Smith-Barry and the other members of the syndicate to make public as soon as possible that they are only fighting the way in which the tenants want to get the rents down."

Here we have the inner mind of the landlords revealed as in a council of war. "It is quite good enough ground for fighting," says this friend of law and order, fighting being the syndicate's business in life ; but he proceeds to warn the belligerent landlords that they have no case on the merits, and that the public must be bamboozled into the belief that it is not a question of the justice of the reduction demanded, but of the tenants' unmannerly deportment in demanding it. A Land Court, blurts out Mr. Townsend, would be bound to cut down the rents wholesale, and the agent ought to have offered an adequate reduction "at the commencement of the row, *before the Plan of Campaign was adopted*," but since the row has commenced, by the agent's fault, then keep the tenants out of the Land Courts, evict them to a man, and join Lord Salisbury in shouting to the British public that it is all organised embezzlement. It will be interesting to hear Mr. Horace Townsend, and his brother agent, Mr. Barter, explain to the Commission on what principle their syndicate of English capitalists, thus admonished of the injustice practised upon the tenantry "at the commencement of the row *before the Plan of Campaign was adopted*," proceeded to cast more than twelve hundred people on the roadside, and prolong for five years the "row" which was on the point of friendly settlement when they came upon the scene with their money bags "to make an example of" the rent-crushed tenantry for "the way in which they wanted to get the

rents down." Here is disclosed with brutal candour the landlord conspiracy which Mr. Balfour spent five years of coercion in forwarding—and spent in vain.

Here is also the origin of the Nemesis that overtook Mr. Smith-Barry on his own estate in Tipperary. The Tipperary tenantry knew on Mr. Smith-Barry's own agent's authority that the eviction of the Ponsonby tenantry was a crime of the blackest dye. They had precisely the same right to surrender their shops and farms to Mr. Smith-Barry that he had to make examples of the Ponsonby men. The difference between them was that he was appealing to wealth and brutal coercion for the aggrandisement of his own class, while they were making an unparalleled sacrifice of their property in order to dissuade their landlord from one of the darkest crimes ever perpetrated in Irish landlord history towards men too poor and broken to defend themselves. The more the Tipperary struggle is tested by keen inquirers the more quickly the absurd impressions generated in the English mind upon the subject by the misrepresentations of Messrs. Balfour and Smith-Barry will vanish, and the more incontestably it will be proved that the abandonment of Mr. Smith-Barry's town and lands in Tipperary was as heroic a deed of self-sacrifice as ever men performed for their weaker fellowmen. Even by the lower test of success in "making an example of" the devastator of the Ponsonby estate, the New Tipperary exodus was, until the moment of the disruption of the Irish party, a series of amazing triumphs over the infamous influences employed to quell it. I shall be delighted to meet Mr. Smith-Barry at the witness-chair of the Evicted Tenants' Commission on Tipperary topics.

The evicted tenants' justification "at the commencement of the row before the Plan of Campaign was adopted" may now be taken as conceded ground. Another of the outcries against the Campaign combinations with which Tory platforms once reverberated, namely, their criminal character, has long ago been silenced. I doubt whether any witness before a Commission of Inquiry would deny that the Campaign fight has been the means of saving the country for the past six years from agrarian crime instead of promoting it. The statistics are irresistible. Five fearful agrarian murders took place on the Clanricarde estate in the years prior to the Plan of Campaign: not one since. Not a single deed of bloodshed has been perpetrated on the Ponsonby estate among the fifteen hundred persons who were left homeless there. The attempt to trace crime to the Tipperary combination

was laughed out of court even by two Removables of the strong stomached type of Messrs. Shannon and Irwin. The lives lost during the reign of Balfourism in Ireland were all taken by Mr. Balfour's ministers:—three men shot on the square of Michelstown by the police; John Mandeville wilfully murdered in Tullamore Gaol (according to the finding of a coroner's jury); Patrick Larkin, son of a Clanricarde evicted tenant, done to death in Kilkenny Gaol; Hanlon run through the body with a bayonet on the Ponsonby estate; Kavanagh shot dead by an emergency man on the Coolgreany estate; a boy named Heffernan, fourteen years of age, shot down by the police in the main street of Tipperary; a Tipperary shopkeeper, named McGrath, found dead in Clonmel Gaol; and so on. The corpses were all Nationalist; the lethal weapons all official. There is one unanswerable crime-test in relation to the Plan of Campaign. Of the only "crimes" the most keen-scented Removables could detect in the Plan of Campaign twenty-three members of the House of Commons were convicted. Those convictions were duly read out by the Speaker to the House, and even the Government that sent the Pigott forgeries before three judges had not the hardihood to ask its Tory majority to express a more than Platonic horror of these three-and-twenty criminals in their midst by treating them to the vote of expulsion so liberally exercised against various non-Irish criminals of another stamp during the late Parliament.

There are those, indeed, who, waiving the question whether the tenants were not right "at the commencement of the row," and free from criminal reproach during its continuance, take refuge in the plea that, their farms having now passed into other hands, Parliament cannot be asked to remake history in order to reinstate them. This is a small point, and in the main an unreal one. There are not fifty cases all told in which the evicted tenants have been replaced by genuine agricultural tenants. No evicted farm has been taken on the Clanricarde or Ponsonby or Olphert estates. The only Tipperary evicted tenant whose property has been laid hold of by an incoming tenant is a man whose house was taken as a Post Office by the late Government as a piece of barefaced partisanship and pecuniary encouragement to Mr. Smith-Barry. The Coolgreany, Luggacurran, and Massereene estates are the only ones on which "planters" have been even nominally settled; and the Commission will have a delightful field for inquiry as to the *bona fides* of most of these stage tenants. Mr. Townsend Trench, who was agent of the Luggacurran estate, went to Ulster after the evictions in search of

new tenants with capital and pluck. He related humorously the result: "I found a good many who had the capital but not the pluck, and a good many who had the pluck but had no capital." Mr. Townsend Trench came away and was dismissed from the agency. But another was found who from the ends of the earth collected a band of "landless resolutes"; to these Dugald Dalgetty levies the farms of the evicted tenants have actually been sold under the Ashbourne Act at the risk of the British taxpayer, contrary to the public protest of the late Land Commissioner MacCarthy; and the British taxpayer will have some interesting reading as to the uses made of British gold in subsidising landlord misconduct in Luggacurran. It is possible that here and there some honorarium in hard cash may be the easiest way of disposing of any of these "planters" who are not merely emergency men in receipt of regular wages for personating agriculturists of stern Loyalist principles. The amount of viaticum necessary to buy off a couple of dozen public disturbers of that sort is the most twopenny-halfpenny of considerations in the problem of pacifying a country, in which the equitable re-instatement of the evicted tenants is the first and last of axioms.

Driven from all their other old victorious war-cries against the tenants' combinations—the fault "at the commencement of the row before the Plan of Campaign was adopted" fixed on their own shoulders out of the mouths of their own prophets; the guilt of continuing the row and of the blood shed in its progress pertaining wholly to themselves and to the tenants not at all—it seems as if the landlord syndicate and their advocates in the Press are now about to concentrate themselves, as upon a last redoubt, on the position that, be the tenants right or wrong, criminal or stainless, at all events the Plan of Campaign was instituted for political purposes, and was therefore a work of the devil with which there must be no compromise. The *Times* takes this view with much self-complacency. It thinks it has disposed of the whole case for the reinstatement of the evicted tenants when it cites Mr. John Redmond's statement that the Plan of Campaign was a political weapon. Shocking! exclaims the promulgator of "Parnellism and Crime"—how can you plead for mercy to evicted tenants after an admission like that? But the *Times* reasoning now is precisely the line suggested by Mr. Horace Townsend to the landlord syndicate as their cue for quelling the British public. You have no case on the merits: "make public as soon as possible that you are only fighting the way in which the tenants want to get the rents down." The grotesque thing is that

in accusing us of fighting the tenants' battle for political purposes the *Times* does not see that its whole aim now, and the whole aim of the landlord syndicate and of Mr. Balfour's repressive policy for the past five years, is, and has been, for the mere sake of having "good enough ground for fighting" their own political and class battles, to "make an example of" tenants whom their own agent warns them were cruelly wronged "at the commencement of the row before the Plan of Campaign was adopted." Assume for a moment that the worst that can be said against us is true—that our one thought was how to embarrass Mr. Balfour, and that Mr. Balfour's and the landlords' one thought was how to save the State,—if the evicted tenants are the "victims" and "dupes" of political agitators, that surely is an additional reason for rescuing the victims rather than for "making an example of them." Once concede that the tenants' claims were honest to begin with, and that any charge of crime against them is as gross a libel as the charge of dishonesty: was there ever a more savage policy propounded than that these poor peasants must be hunted to the workhouse or to agrarian crime in order to discredit half a dozen politicians whose dupes and victims the *Times* declares the evicted tenants to have been? That is precisely the theory on which Mr. Balfour and the landlords have been fighting since 1887, to their own ruin and the disturbance of the country. Have they not had enough of the experiment? or is the country to be delivered over permanently to turmoil which one sensible clause in the Act of 1887 could have put an end to—delivered over, not for the purpose of punishing dishonest or criminal tenants, but of "finding good fighting ground" against a handful of politicians whose innocent victims the suffering tenants are proclaimed to be?

Needless to say, the *Times*' charge that the Plan of Campaign was a mere heartless politician's stratagem is a falsehood as stupid and malicious as certain famous Facsimile Letters. There is nothing I more heartily hope for than that the history of the Plan of Campaign may be categorically investigated in a manner as decisive as the Facsimile Letters. The charges of dishonesty and bloodguiltiness against it are already given over by all except the most ignorant Tory *claqueurs*. The charge that it was not organised under the pressure of a terrific agrarian necessity will be still more signally confuted by the plainest facts. Nothing will be easier than to prove:—

1. That, if Mr. Redmond knows what he means at all by joining the *Times* in stating that the Plan of Campaign was founded for political

purposes, Mr. Redmond had no more to do with the founding of the Plan of Campaign and no more knowledge of the circumstances under which it was founded than the editor of the *Times* had. Mr. Redmond was not even a member of the Organising Committee of the National League, at one of whose meetings the Plan was first resolved upon. The first time he assumed a leading position was as the leader of the movement for founding New Tipperary, which was a wholly different matter, three years after.

2. That the Plan was devised during the appalling agricultural crisis of the winter of 1886, in consequence of evidence pouring in upon us that the tenantry on various western estates, rendered desperate by their difficulties, and not knowing whither to turn after the rejection of Mr. Parnell's Bill, were on the point of commencing something like a small Sicilian Vespers; and that its effect was beyond all doubt to stop the recrudescence of agrarian crime, as well as to secure to the Irish tenantry all that and more than Mr. Parnell had thought there was any use in proposing to the House of Commons to grant.

3. That the Tory Government had themselves recognised the reality of the crisis by appointing General Redvers Buller an extra-legal dictator for the county of Kerry, with a roving commission to beat unreasonable landlords to their knees, and that the Plan of Campaign was designed to exercise in the other distressed counties the same indispensable "vigour beyond the law" which General Buller exercised in the county of Kerry alone, and which the Tory majority had declined to exercise in a Parliamentary method.

4. That the Tory Government gave a still more striking recognition of the necessity for the Plan of Campaign and of the success of its teachings by passing within six months after its promulgation a stronger Land Act than they had rejected with scorn three months before the Plan was hit upon—a Land Act which is to all intents and purposes a permanent embodiment of the Plan of Campaign in the pages of the British statute-book.

5. That up to the time of the passing of that Act there had been substantially no evictions, no prosecutions, no bloodshed, and no harm done; that we again and again offered to abandon the Plan of Campaign if the Campaign tenants were guaranteed the honest benefits of that Act, which they themselves had won; and that a sensible arrears clause tacked on to the Act would have averted all the evictions, prosecutions, and barbarities which followed.

6. That then, and ever since, Mr. Balfour's attitude was summed up in his exhortation to the landlords to "beg their bread rather than yield to the Plan of Campaign," and the landlords' attitude was summed up in Mr. Smith-Barry's vow to "make an example of" the Ponsonby tenantry; that, in pursuance of this policy, Mr. Balfour with his coercion machinery, and Mr. Smith-Barry with his syndicate of English capitalists, combined and confederated to "find a good fighting ground" for proving Mr. Balfour's prowess as a Coercionist, and avenging upon the tenants their crime of successful combination: that their object, brutally avowed, was to shut the portals of the law against the Campaigners, and not to conciliate, but to crush them; and that it was in pursuit of this cruel, unstatesmanlike, and disastrous ambition that seventeen hundred families were evicted, five thousand persons hauled before Removable Magistrates, and a diabolical police tyranny set in motion.

Finally, that the "victims" and "dupes" of the Plan of Campaign are one hundred thousand leaseholders with 20 to 30 per cent. knocked off their rents, and one hundred and fifty thousand other judicial leaseholders entitled to three years' swingeing abatement; that its other dire results for the Irish people are the suppression of landgrabbing, and a progress of public opinion which makes even Ulster landlord candidates echo a cry for compulsory land purchase; that the most real and illustrious of our "victims" is Mr. Balfour, cast down from his high place by a movement of public disgust at his five years of vicious and abortive coercion; that on ninety-five out of the hundred and ten Plan of Campaign estates the landlords have elected to make a sensible settlement instead of taking Mr. Balfour's advice to beg their bread; and that, as to the couple of dozen remaining estates on which the Coercionists and Eviction Syndicates have magnanimously concentrated all their forces for years to "make an example" the evicted tenantry, if they have endured much suffering of late owing to the unhappy strife in the National ranks, have at least been saved from hunger up to this hour, have lived to see their merciless evictors "made an example of" at the late General Election, and to see a Government installed in power whose mandate it is to respect Irish opinion in Irish affairs, and who must be well aware that the most passionate anxiety of the Irish heart is to see justice rendered to the seventeen hundred village heroes whom the Balfours and Smith-Barrys conspired in vain to exterminate.

Mr. Morley has only to drag out the facts and fear not.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

WAS IT RIGHT?—WAS IT WRONG?

A WOMAN sat at her desk in the corner of a room; behind her burnt a bright fire.

Presently a servant came in and gave her a card.

"Say I am busy and can see no one now. I have to finish this article by two o'clock."

The servant came back. The caller said she would only keep her a moment: it was necessary she should see her.

The woman rose from her desk. "Tell the boy to wait. Ask the lady to come in."

A young woman in a silk dress, with a cloak reaching to her feet, entered. She was tall and slight, with fair hair.

"I knew you would not mind. I wished to see you so!"

The woman offered her a seat by the fire. "May I loosen your cloak, the room is warm?"

"I wanted so to come and see you. You are the only person in the world who could help me! I know you are so large, and generous, and kind to other women!" She sat down. Tears stood in her large blue eyes: she was pulling off her little gloves unconsciously.

"You know Mr. ——" (she mentioned the name of a well-known writer): "I know you meet him often in your work. I want you to do something for me!"

The woman on the hearthrug looked down at her.

"I couldn't tell my father or my mother, or anyone else; but I can tell you, though I know so little of you. You know, last summer he came and stayed with us a month. I saw a great deal of him. I don't know if he liked me; I know he liked my singing, and we rode together—I liked him more than any man I have ever seen. Oh, you know it isn't true that a woman can only like a man when he likes her; and I thought, perhaps, he liked me a little. Since we have been in town we have asked, but he has never come to see us. Perhaps people

have been saying something to him about me. You know him, you are always meeting him, couldn't you say or do anything for me?" She looked up with her lips white and drawn. "I feel sometimes as if I were going mad! Oh, it is so terrible to be a woman!" The woman looked down at her. "Now I hear he likes another woman. I don't know who she is, but they say she is very clever, and writes. Oh, it is so terrible, I can't bear it."

The woman leaned her elbow against the mantel-piece, and her face against her hand. She looked down into the fire. Then she turned and looked at the younger woman. "Yes," she said, "it is a very terrible thing to be a woman." She was silent. She said with some difficulty: "Are you sure you love him? Are you sure it is not only the feeling a young girl has for an older man who is celebrated, and of whom everyone is talking?"

"I have been nearly mad. I haven't slept for weeks!" She knit her little hands together, till the pearl rings almost cut into the fingers. "He is everything to me; there is nothing else in the world. You, who are so great, and strong, and clever, and who care only for your work, and for men as your friends, you cannot understand what it is when one person is everything to you, when there is nothing else in the world!"

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked up. "A woman knows what she can do. Don't tell him that I love him." She looked up again. "Just say something to him. Oh, it's so terrible to be a woman; I can't do anything. You won't tell him exactly that I love him? That's the thing that makes a man hate a woman, if you tell it him plainly."

"If I speak to him I must speak openly. He is my friend. I cannot fence with him. I have never fenced with him in my own affairs." She moved as though she were going away from the fireplace, then she turned and said: "Have you thought of what love is between a man and a woman when it means marriage? That long, long life together, day after day, stripped of all romance and distance, living face to face; seeing each other as a man sees his own soul? Do you realise that the end of marriage is to make the man and woman stronger than they were; and that if you cannot, when you are an old man and woman and sit by the fire, say, 'Life has been a braver and a freer thing for us, because we passed it hand in hand, than if we had passed through it alone,' it has failed? Do you care for him enough to live for him, not to-morrow, but when he is an old faded man, and you

an old faded woman? Can you forgive him his sins and his weaknesses, when they hurt you most? If he were to lie a querulous invalid for twenty years, would you be able to fold him in your arms all that time, and comfort him, as a mother comforts her little child?" The woman drew her breath heavily.

"Oh, I love him absolutely! I would be glad to die, if only I could once know that he loved me better than anything in the world!"

The woman stood looking down at her. "Have you never thought of that other woman; whether *she* could not perhaps make his life as perfect as you?" she asked, slowly.

"Oh, no woman ever could be to him what I would be. I would live for him. He belongs to me." She bent herself forward, not crying, but her shoulders moving. "It is such a terrible thing to be a woman, to be able to do nothing and say nothing!"

The woman put her hand on her shoulder; the younger woman looked up into her face; then the elder turned away and stood looking into the fire; there was such quiet, you could hear the clock tick above the writing-table.

The woman said: "There is one thing I can do for you. I do not know if it will be of any use—I will do it." She turned away.

"Oh, you are so great and good, so beautiful, so different from other women, who are always thinking only of themselves! Thank you so much. I know I can trust you. I couldn't have told my mother, or anyone but you."

"Now you must go, I have my work to finish."

The younger woman put her arms round her. "Oh, you are so good and beautiful!"

The silk dress and the fur cloak rustled out of the room.

The woman who was left alone walked up and down, at last faster and faster, till the drops stood on her forehead. After a time she went up to the table: there was written illegibly in a man's hand on a fragment of manuscript paper: "*Can I come to see you this afternoon?*" Near it was a closed and addressed envelope. She opened it. In it were written the words: "*Yes, please, come.*"

She tore it across, and wrote the words: "*No, I shall not be at liberty.*"

She closed them in an envelope and addressed them. Then she rolled up the manuscript on the table and rang the bell. She gave it to the servant. "Tell the boy to give this to his master, and say the article

ends rather abruptly; they must state it is to be continued; I will finish it to-morrow. As he passes number twenty let him leave this note there."

The servant went out. She walked up and down the room with her hands folded above her head.

Two months after, the older woman stood before the fire. The door opened suddenly and the younger woman came in.

"I had to come—I couldn't wait. You have heard, he was married this morning? Oh, do you think it is true? Do help me!" She put out her hands.

"Sit down. Yes, it is quite true."

"Oh, it is so terrible, and I didn't know anything! Did you ever say anything to him?" She caught the woman's hands.

"I never saw him again after the day you were here—so I could not speak to him—but I did what I could." She stood looking passively into the fire.

"And they say she is quite a child, only eighteen. They say he only saw her three times before he proposed to her. Do you think it is true?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"He can't love her. They say he's only marrying her for her rank and her money."

The woman turned quickly. "What right have you to say that? No one but I know him. What need has he of anyone's rank or wealth? He is greater than them all! Older women may have failed him; he has needed to turn to her beautiful, fresh, young life to compensate him. She is a woman whom any man might have loved, so young and beautiful; her family are famed for their intellect. If he trains her she may make him a better wife than any other woman would have done."

"Oh, but I can't bear it, I can't bear it." The younger woman sat down in the chair. "She will be his wife, and have his children!"

"Yes, that is hard." The elder woman moved quickly. "One wants to have the child, and lay its head on one's breast and feed it." She moved quickly. "It would not matter if another woman bore it, if one had it to take care of." She moved restlessly.

"Oh, no, I couldn't bear it to be hers. When I think of her I feel as if I were dying, all my fingers turn cold, I feel dead. Oh, you were only his friend, you don't know!"

The older spoke softly and quickly, "Don't you feel a little gentle to her when you think she's going to be his wife and the mother of his children? I would like to put my arms round her and touch her once, if she would let me. She is so beautiful, they say."

"Oh, I could never bear to see her; it would kill me. And they are so happy together to-day! He is loving her so!"

"Don't you want him to be happy?" the older woman looked down at her. "Have you *never* loved him, at all?"

The younger woman's face was covered with her hands. "Oh, it's so terrible, so dark! and I shall go on living year after year, always in this awful pain! Oh, if I could only die!"

The older woman stood looking into the fire; then slowly and measuredly she said, "There are times, in life, where everything seems dark, when the brain reels, and we cannot see that there is anything but death. But, if we wait long enough, after long, long years, calm comes. It may be we cannot say it was well; but we are contented, we accept the past. The struggle is ended. That day may come for you, perhaps sooner than you think." She spoke slowly, and with difficulty.

"No, it can never come for me. If once I have loved a thing, I love it for ever. I can never forget."

"Love is not the only end in life. There are other things to live for."

"Oh yes, for you! To me love is everything!"

"Now, you must go, dear."

The younger woman stood up. "It has been such a comfort to talk to you. I think I should have killed myself if I had not come. You help me so. I shall always be grateful to you."

The older woman took her hand.

"I want to ask something of you?"

"What is it?"

"I cannot quite explain to you. You will not understand. But there are times when something more terrible can come into a life than that it should lose what it loves. If you have had a dream of what life ought to be, and you try to make it real, and you fail; and something you have killed out in your heart for long years wakes up and cries, 'Let each man play his own game, and care nothing for the hand of his fellow! Each man for himself. *So* the game must be played!' and you doubt all you have lived for, and the ground seems washing out under your feet——." She paused. "Such a time has come to me now. If you would promise me that if ever another woman comes to seek

your help, you will give it to her, and try to love a woman even while she is standing in your light, it will help me. I think I should be able to keep my faith."

"Oh, I will do anything you ask me to. You are so good and great."

"Oh, good and great!——if you knew! Now go, dear."

"I have not kept you from your work, have I?"

"No; I have not been working lately. Good-bye, dear."

The younger woman went; and the elder knelt down by the chair, and wailed like a little child when you have struck it and it does not dare to cry loud.

A year after. It was early spring again.

The woman sat at her desk writing; behind her the fire burnt brightly. She was writing a leading article on the causes which in different peoples lead to the adoption of Free Trade or Protection principles.

The woman wrote on quickly. After awhile the servant entered and laid a pile of letters on the table. "Tell the boy I shall have done in fifteen minutes." She wrote on. Then she caught sight of the writing on one of the letters. She put down her pen, and opened it. It ran thus:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am writing to you, because I know you will rejoice to hear of my great happiness. Do you remember how you told me that day by the fire to *wait*, and after long, long years I should see that all was for the best? That time has come sooner than we hoped. Last week in Rome I was married to the best, noblest, most large-hearted of men. We are now in Florence together. You don't know how beautiful all life is to me. I know now that that old passion was only a girl's foolish dream. My husband is the first man I have ever truly loved. He loves me and understands me as no other man ever could. I am thankful that my dream was broken; God had better things in store for me. I don't hate that woman any more, I love everyone! How are you, dear? We shall come and see you as soon as we arrive in England. I always think of you so happy in your great work and helping other people. I don't think *now* it is terrible to be a woman; it is lovely.

"I hope you are enjoying this beautiful spring weather.

"Yours always full of gratitude and love,

"E——."

The woman read the letter: then she stood up and walked towards the fire. She did not re-read it, but stood with it open in her hand, looking down into the blaze. Her lips were drawn in at the corners. Presently she tore the letter up slowly, and watched the bits floating down one by one into the grate. Then she went back to her desk, and began to write, with her mouth still drawn in at the corners. After awhile she laid her arm on the paper and her head on her arm, and seemed to go to sleep there.

Presently the servant knocked; the boy was waiting. "Tell him to wait ten minutes more." She took up her pen——. "The Policy of the Australian Colonies in favour of Protection is easily understood——" she waited—— "when one considers the fact——the fact——"; then she finished the article.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

COUNTY CRICKET IN 1892.

THE season of 1892 will be remarkable in the history of County Cricket, for it has been one of the most successful since these contests were firmly established: most successful from a high scoring point of view, most successful from its illustrations of the glorious, startling, and delightful uncertainties of the game, and most encouraging to those who have the welfare of their county at heart for the large and encouraging attendance of spectators. For one good judge of the game who played the part of spectator twenty years ago we have now thirty, or even more. The proof of the interest taken can be seen in the eager faces watching every ball bowled, or every ball played or hit by the batsman. The form of every player is well known, whether he be batting, bowling, or fielding, and the crowd is very observant of all good and bad play.

County Cricket has become *the* cricket of the day, and excites more interest than any other. The feeling of partisanship runs very high, and the doings of each and all of them are watched from the first to the last match played. "Who is to be Champion County?" is the first question asked, and the prospects of each are weighed and considered at the close of every match. As soon as it was decided that there should be no Australian Eleven this season all thoughts were turned to the counties, and a most interesting season was predicted. The prediction has been fulfilled, for we have had good displays of all-round offensive and defensive cricket, and towards the end of the season brilliant individual performances which raised the excitement to fever height.

The desire to become a first-class county is natural and laudable; the determination to continue so causes every player to do his utmost, and the consequence is that we have keenness not to be seen in any other matches, except the Gentlemen *v.* Players at Lord's and the Oval, or England *v.* Australia. There can be no doubt that the interest in County Cricket was quickened this season owing to the absence of an Australian Eleven. We are always glad to welcome an Australian

Eleven, but we do not want one here too often, for it is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that it does interfere with County Cricket. There is difficulty enough to arrange county fixtures; add to them representative matches, and the number is as large as any first-class cricketer cares to undertake, or can find time to fulfil; add the Australian matches, and the task becomes one that few possess the spare time or desire to go through.

Surrey.—Surrey takes pride of place among the counties in 1892 after a memorable struggle which will be remembered for many a long year. Their record is a grand one (matches played 16; won 13; lost 2; drawn 1), and is almost on a level with their fine performance in 1888, when they only lost 1 out of 14 played. The explanation of their success is a comparatively simple one, and may be summed up in the following words—grand all-round form. They can nearly all bat, as will be seen from the fact that eight of the Eleven have an average of over 20 runs. In Lockwood they have the champion bowler of the year; in Lohmann they have one of the best, if not the very best, all-round player in the world; in Mr. J. Shuter a captain who is not only a skilful leader with a fine knowledge of the game, but a cricketer who can play an uphill dashing game as few can play it. There is not a weak spot in their fielding, and they have a reserve talent to meet all contingencies. Wood, their wicket keeper, is as good as any in England, and it was a matter of regret that owing to ill-health and injured hands he did not assist his county as often as desired, for his absence in some of the matches was an unmistakable loss to his side. Mr. W. W. Read's return to form is most gratifying, and his 27 innings for an average of 40 is as good as anything accomplished during the season, and worthy of his great and well earned reputation. His thirty-eight years of age have not deteriorated his hitting powers, for his three big innings of 112, 196 not out, and 107 were as quickly and vigorously made as any of those big scores which he made in his great years—1883-5-6-7. Abel, Henderson, and Maurice Read have all done well, and in Baldwin they have a very promising player. Some of the newspaper critics have proved to their own satisfaction that, after their double defeat by Notts, Surrey should not be placed first this season; indeed they go so far as to say that the positions should be reversed. In answer to that I would call attention to the following bits of history:—In 1885 Gloucestershire defeated Surrey twice, which had much to do with giving Notts first place. In 1890 Gloucester beat Notts twice, while Surrey lost one match

and won one against them. Nobody in his senses would think of saying that Gloucestershire was the best of the three counties in those years. If those who rush into print would only remember that the conditions of ground and light are not always the same in any match, or in any year, perhaps they would be more charitable in their opinions, and believe that the present mode of estimating the position of the different counties is a fair and reasonable one.

Notts.—Rarely, if ever, can it be so confidently predicted of any county that its chance of success for first place is almost a certainty as it could have been predicted of Notts after the great match against Surrey at the Oval. Up to that match, victory had followed upon victory, most of them conspicuously decisive. In the opinions of those who knew the strength of the different counties it was believed that either Surrey or Notts would be at the top at the end of the season. When Surrey went down for the second time before their formidable rival, surely, if prediction be worth anything, it was safe to say Notts' place at the top was assured. The match was fought out under fairly level conditions, before a crowd that created a gate record for the game. Scoring was not high, for the simple reason that the bowling and fielding were too good, and the ground not at all too easy. Still Notts won the match, and at the conclusion of it there was scarcely a sound judge of the game who did not believe that they would be Champion County.

Kent and Middlesex fell before them also; then came Gloucestershire at Cheltenham, who were compelled to follow their innings on the evening of the second day. It looked like an easy win for Notts, but on the third and last day, under a hot, broiling sun, Notts had an outing that comes now and then to every team and takes days to recover from. The match was drawn, which did not in any way affect Notts' position, but I could not help thinking that in the event of Somerset winning the toss, and batting first next day, at Taunton, the result would be anything but hopeful for Notts. And so it turned out. On a slow, wet, easy wicket Somerset batted first to the bowling and fielding of the Notts Eleven, who were tired from the previous day's fielding, and made the very respectable score of 309. This was trying enough, but when the Notts Eleven went in to bat the conditions were completely changed, and getting the runs was next to an impossibility. That much ought to be allowed in extenuation for their defeat; it strikingly illustrated the uncertainty and charm of the game, for it was the turning point in the Notts tide of progress. Disaster followed at Manchester; and there,

though defeated easily, they had also the worst of the luck, as they lost the toss and the wicket was very difficult when they went in to bat, and Mold did exceptional execution with the ball.

Of the individual play of the Eleven, Shrewsbury comes first. He started none too well, but once he did set going, big score after big score followed. His 212 against Middlesex at Lord's was a fine innings, marked by his usual carefulness and steadiness. On three other occasions he exceeded the century, and when the season was over he held the position of champion batsman of the year. Gunn was a good second with an average of 32, and Daft, Flowers, Shacklock, and Mr. Dixon were fairly consistent with the bat throughout the season.

Attewell, Flowers, Shacklock, and Barnes bore the brunt of the bowling, in fact did it all. At times Shacklock was exceptionally brilliant, but Attewell comes out first with 97 wickets for an average of 12, and is at the head of all the bowlers in county matches. Sherwin at the wicket was as good as ever; the same burly, cheerful, and active cricketer that the public have cheered and laughed at for years.

Somerset.—There is always exceptional interest taken in a young and rising team, and when success instead of disaster is the result nothing but praise is bestowed. Nothing venture nothing have is a very old saying, and it has been strikingly exemplified in the case of Somerset. Last year they were thought to have done exceptionally well; compared with that, they have this year done wonders. Then they have done it in such a way as to raise not only the enthusiasm of their own county spectators, but the enthusiasm of the other counties also. As in the case of Gloucestershire and Middlesex, the amateur talent predominates over the professional, and as a rule that means showy, dashing cricket. The rule was not broken in their case, for in Messrs. Hewett and Palairet they have two batsmen of the style we like to associate with the game at its best. Not only did they make runs, but they made them in such a way as to create the highest admiration. It was only fitting that after such consistent and brilliant displays throughout the season these two should towards the end of it create a record for first wicket that in my opinion will stand for years. A total of 346 for first wicket is something to be proud of, and I heartily congratulate them for exceeding that held for so many years by Mr. B. B. Cooper and myself. Of Mr. Hewett's style it may be said that it is exceptional. I question if we have ever had a left-handed batsman who hit so hard as he did this season. Good, bad, and indifferent length balls come alike

to him, and he hits them all equally well. Mr. Palairet's style is moulded on more orthodox lines, and it is safe to say of him that offensively and defensively he is one of the soundest bats of the day.

Mr. "Sammy" Woods is a host in himself. Undoubtedly the best amateur bowler we have at present, he has exceptional powers of endurance that enable him to bowl any length of time, besides a certain amount of devil and pace in his delivery that frightens inexperienced batsmen, and on kicking wickets plays havoc with experienced and first-class batsmen also. Nicholls, Tyler, and Captain Hedley can all show slightly better average results, but without Mr. Woods I venture to say there would be another story to tell. Messrs. Hedley, Challen, Fowler, and Hill have all done well with the bat. In the field they are full of dash, and at times very brilliant, making few mistakes. In one department they are peculiarly well off, that is wicket-keeping. It is rarely you find in the same eleven two such good wicket-keepers as Messrs. A. P. Wickham and A. E. Newton.

Lancashire.—Lancashire, fourth on the list, had a varied experience during the season. They began with a win against Sussex, then lost to Yorkshire, and afterwards kept winning and losing during the rest of the season. Their finest performance was, undoubtedly, their severe defeat of Notts, the last match played. Winning the toss, they batted first and scored 277, and then Mold was almost unplayable. Their bowling was more consistent than their batting, in that the three of whom so much was expected rarely failed them. Briggs comes first with an average of 13·53 for 85 wickets, but Mold's 104 for an average of 13·73 is, without question, the better of the two. The evergreen Watson was as steady and persevering as ever, and of him it might almost be said: "Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever." He is far and away the oldest first-class bowler to-day; he never seems tired, and against a high wind can keep up his end better than any professional or amateur bowler in existence.

A. Smith was the most successful batsman. He was not played in the early matches, but when he began he quickly showed his value, and rarely failed to score afterwards. F. Ward, Mr. A. C. Maclaren Sugg, A. Ward, Baker, and Mr. S. M. Crosfield all came out with an average of over 20, and Briggs proved with his average of 19 that he is still one of the best all-round players of the day. Mr. A. N. Hornby played in but few matches, and though not so successful with the bat as in former years, yet displayed that fine judgment as captain of the team

which has won for him in that position a reputation second to none. In his absence the responsibility was taken by Mr. Crosfield, and there can be little doubt that when Mr. Hornby thinks fit to retire he will prove a worthy successor. His fielding at cover-point was quite first-class, and he is as good as anyone in that part of the field to-day.

Middlesex.—Middlesex winning the first four matches very easily caused a great many to think that they would make a big bid for first place. However, both Surrey and Notts showed what strong teams they are by beating them in all their matches, and the prospect of a very successful season was soon dispelled. Mr. S. W. Scott, considering the long time he has been before the public, batted better than ever, and his average of 39 for 27 innings is far and away the best he has ever done in first-class cricket. He has the honour of the highest individual score of the season to his name. It was made against Gloucestershire and was marked by a strong defence and clean hitting all round the wicket. Mr. Stoddart's average of 30 for 29 innings was got by more dashing cricket, and taking everything into consideration he is undoubtedly the best all-round man of the team. Mr. O'Brien was brilliant at times, while Messrs. Henery, Webbe, and Nepean did good service also. As captain, Mr. Webbe was as good as ever. The bowling honours were carried off by J. T. Hearne and Rawlin. Hearne's average, though not so good as last season, was good enough to confirm the fine reputation he made then. Possibly he suffered slightly from his trip to the Cape during the winter months. Still, his 100 wickets for an average of 16 is sufficient to show that without him Middlesex would, like one or two of the other counties, have had occasional long outings in the field. Rawlin maintained his reputation by securing 78 wickets for an average of 17, but Phillips' 42 for 20 was behind last year's results.

Yorkshire.—Yorkshire, like Middlesex, made a good start, winning their first four matches in succession against Sussex, Lancashire, Kent, and Middlesex. The parallel almost holds good afterwards, for they did not win another match until the second week in August against Sussex at Brighton. It was against them at Taunton that Messrs. Hewett and Palairet made their record score for first wicket, an experience which they are not likely to forget for a considerable time.

Wainwright was their most successful player, his success with both bat and ball at one part of the season leading many to think that he would turn out to be the best all-round player of the year. His 77 wickets for an average of 16, and his 26 innings for an average of 27

show the rapid improvement he has made, and there can be little doubt that he will do excellent work in the future. Peel still proved himself to be the brilliant all-round player we have known for years, and without him I do not know what Yorkshire would have done on several occasions. Once or twice on a good wicket, when the other bowlers of the team were being hit, his length, precision, and endurance were very conspicuous. Mr. E. Smith was very successful with the bat, his hitting at times being most brilliant. On several occasions he captained the team, with the result that he proved himself to have an old head on young and broad shoulders. Mr. F. S. Jackson performed well also, while Tunnicliffe, almost new to County Cricket, gave promise of excellent work in the future. Ulyett's form showed that at last age is beginning to tell on him, but he is still a most useful member of the team.

Kent.—On paper Kent looked like having a good season, but two or three of the members failed to come off, and they had to be content with seventh place. Martin's form had a great deal to do with it. Undoubtedly their best bowler last season, everyone expected good work from him this, but he unaccountably showed a great falling off, and in most of the matches he was very expensive. The member of the team who showed greatest improvement in bowling was W. Hearne, who took first place. Wright was moderately successful, and was second. In the batting list that sound batsman, Mr. W. H. Patterson, took first place, and it is safe to say of him that he is one of the most dangerous of batsmen on all kinds of wickets—39 for 14 innings is a very fine average in a season of high scoring. A. Hearne was a good second with the bat, but with one or two exceptions the others, Mr. F. Marchant in particular, were very unlucky.

Gloucestershire.—Someone must be at the bottom of the list, and though Gloucestershire is not that one, yet they have had to be satisfied with the lowest place but one. It is always a disagreeable matter to explain or excuse oneself, and I will not try to do so now at any length with regard to our failure, but I may be allowed to say that the bowlers did not come off as we expected, the dry wickets proving too much for them. A great deal has been said about the failure of Mr. Ferris with the ball, and said in a way that, to say the least of it, is anything but charitable. He did not come off as we expected, I admit, but from the time he began until the end of the season he never had a real sticky wicket to bowl on, and damaged hands sadly handicapped him. One thing he did show, pluck and stamina that enabled him to do the greater part of

the work without flinching. His form this season was anything but his true form, but I have every confidence that under favourable conditions he will bowl as well next season as he ever bowled in his life. He excelled himself in batting, and worked hard in the field. I had the honour of being at the head of the batting averages, and was well supported by Messrs. Rice, Kitcat, Radcliffe, and Painter. Of Mr. Rice it may be said that he is *the* colt of the season. His first exhibition was up to first-class form, and afterwards he never failed, though playing up-hill games that would have tried the nerves of much older players. Captain Luard was fairly successful with the bat and invaluable in the field at coverpoint. His dash and quickness at that position reminded me of the Gloucestershire fielding in its palmiest days.

Sussex.—"Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and mindful of this proverb I desire to speak most respectfully of Sussex, who gained the wooden spoon. With the exception of Mr. G. Brann, Captain Newham, and Mr. W. G. Heasman, not one of the others played up to his batting form. Mr. G. Brann's display was very fine: conspicuous for sound defence and hard hitting. His feat of scoring three figures in both innings against Kent in August gives him a place amongst the records that will cause his name to be remembered as long as the game is played. The bowling of Sussex was undoubtedly weak: like Gloucestershire they want strengthening in that department before they can hope to take a much higher position amongst the counties. Humphreys' success with his "lobs," while gratifying, did not surprise me as it did two or three members of the other counties. I have always held that a good lob bowler is invaluable in any team. Humphreys is a good lob bowler, far and away the best we have at the present time, and I am not without hope that his success this year may encourage others to persevere in cultivating that form of bowling.

RESULTS.

	MATCHES PLAYED.	WON.	LOST.	DRAWN.
Surrey	16	13	2	1
Nottinghamshire	16	10	2	4
Somersetshire ...	16	8	5	3
Lancashire ...	16	7	5	4
Middlesex ...	16	7	6	3
Yorkshire ...	16	5	5	6
Kent	16	2	9	5
Gloucestershire	16	1	8	7
Sussex	16	1	12	3

Of the second-class counties there is very little to be said. Their form this season has shown very little improvement, and I feel certain that were the suggestion adopted of the highest three of them playing the lowest three of the first-class, the result would be that there would be no change in the present classification of first and second.

There are few seasons in which one or two points of more than common interest do not spring up to agitate the minds of the cricketing community, and the past one has not been an exception. Favourable weather and fast wickets are always productive of high scoring, and the old and well-worn saying that the bat has got the better of the ball has been on the lips of many. It would be a pity were it not so, for the weather of late years has been more on the side of the ball than of the bat. Increase in the size of the wicket has been advocated; we may as well dismiss that, experience having shown that the present standard has served too well to be replaced by another at the present time.

Another suggestion has been made that the law relating to leg before wicket should be altered, so that the batsman should be out if in the opinion of the umpire the ball would have hit the wicket, even if it broke from either side. That, in my opinion, would do very little to shorten the scores of first-class batsmen, for they do not now play blindly at the ball, but watch it from the pitch. I am well aware that the same suggestion has also been made to crush the habit of stopping the ball with the leg to which some batsmen have been more or less given. I am very glad to be able to say that playing with the leg was much less noticeable this year, and am not without hope that it will almost have died a natural death before the end of the next. I have said that were the law changed it would not affect first-class players, but it would certainly affect third and fourth class players. They do not get runs too freely under the most favourable conditions; the change would make a huge difference to them and lessen their interest in the game. On a sticky wicket at present it is almost impossible for a first-class eleven to get 100 runs, so that the bowler has his opportunity, as well as the batsman, under opposite conditions. Any alteration that would tend to shorten the fixed days for a match means a decrease in the gate money, and we must not forget the fact that without satisfactory finances no club nor county eleven can exist.

Another change advocated is that declaring the innings at an end should be allowed on the second as well as on the third day. I do not agree with that; in fact, I go further, and would say that declaring the

innings closed, if it be the first innings, should not be allowed even on the last day. I know that on several occasions when the innings could not be declared closed on the second day batsmen hit hard, and tried to get out. That to me seems a burlesque on the game, and could easily be check-mated by the other side bowling no balls, or the fieldsmen dropping catches. It would be a much more dignified course not to send the batsman in at all, and to apply the rule which says, if the batsman does not turn out in two minutes he shall forfeit his innings.

The position is too often created by batsmen who, on the first day of a match, play a slow, careful game for no other reason than to improve their averages. They do not care a whit whether the match be brought to an end or not: their aim is self, and nothing but self. It is not the first time that I have stated the difference between playing a slow, careful game at the beginning of a match and at the end of it. I strongly object to a batsman playing a slow game in the early part of the innings for the sake of his average. It is not playing the game as it ought to be played, nor worthy of its best traditions. Playing a slow, defensive game on the last day of a match to save it, when there is no possibility of winning, is another thing, and as much deserving of praise as playing a forcing game to achieve victory.

It has also been said that some counties score much faster than others. Writers who have not a practical knowledge of the different players or grounds on which the matches are played should remember that no two grounds are alike. There are large and small grounds, and some of the small ones are faster than the large. Take Taunton and Brighton for example. I have no hesitation in saying that it is as easy on a fast wicket to make 300 runs on either as it is to make 200 runs on some of the others.

The year's results, financially and otherwise, have shown that the game has become more popular than ever; that not only active players, but those who though compelled through professional and business engagements, or weight of years, to give up playing still take an interest in the game, have increased in numbers. To-day the game is as dear to us as it ever was, and it is difficult to say whether the young player or the retired veteran is the more enthusiastic over it.

W. G. GRACE.

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

THE greatest and richest city in the world is also that city which practises the most rigid economy in its own improvement. London, with the grandest river of any capital in Europe, with a rich and glorious history, with boundless energy, wealth, and culture, suffers itself to be put to shame by Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Chicago, and New York, and is content with its narrow lanes and hugger-mugger traditions of street architecture.

Paris, Rome, and Florence have transformed themselves with frightful extravagance and cruel sacrifices. But London of late years has been doing almost nothing. For some years past it has not spent £100,000 per annum in improving itself, whilst Continental cities have been spending millions. And it thrusts its public servants into queer back streets and hired chambers, whilst other capitals build them palaces and national or municipal halls. Our provincial towns do much in the way of improvement. Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, Leeds, Bradford, and Nottingham can show adequate public buildings and a true municipal ambition. London alone potters along on its old parochial lines, and keeps its purse-strings tight.

This is not altogether from want of will, nor from any niggardly spirit. The old Board, though it did many things poorly, did some fine things; and they and the City together have made efforts to render London more habitable, if not more imposing. The Embankment was an imperial undertaking; and Queen Victoria Street, Northumberland Avenue, Holborn Viaduct, and the Tower Bridge were bold and useful public works. Together, all these improvements cost about half a million each year. But strangely enough, since the creation of the London County Council new works of improvement have been confined to small local details. This is far from being due to any want of public spirit in the Council, or to narrow parsimony. On the contrary, the

Council has shown a true sense of its mission, and an honourable pride in the mighty city committed to its care. The Council has had far wider and bolder plans in its mind than any of its predecessors. It has projected schemes of great public utility, with fine opportunities for art and dignity. But the failure to carry these into effect has been partly a financial and partly a political question. The Council has had plenty of big works ready to begin: but it has been stopped by obstinate contests within the Council itself, and within the walls of Parliament, as to the mode of paying for these works. In the meantime, tremendous arrears are accumulating; and London continues to suffer almost intolerable inconvenience.

Londoners may rest assured that these delays are not the fault of the Council, which is only anxious to secure the paramount claims of justice for the mass of the citizens. It firmly believes they would rather suffer inconvenience and ugliness a little longer than that they and their children should be permanently plundered by a few wealthy families. When Parliament has reformed the incidence of local taxation the real improvements of London will begin. But till that is done they cannot be taken in hand.

The Council, both that elected in 1889, and that elected in 1892, have shown a conspicuous zeal in projecting works of improvement for London. The year after their creation they began the new Blackwall Tunnel and brought into Parliament a Bill for removing the block in the Strand. This failed entirely on financial grounds. And so, when the Improvements Committee, in 1891, presented an elaborate set of schemes, no less than nine in number, at an aggregate outlay of £2,133,625, the bulk of these were ordered to stand over solely for settlement of the financial question. And again in February, 1892, the same committee prepared a report, signed by its chairman, Mr. Henry Clarke, with a scheme of some thirty street improvements, which could not have been carried out at an outlay of less than several millions.

The Council, then in the last hours of its existence under the election of 1889, did not adopt the report; but it has since been published by its author, Mr. Henry Clarke, who was chairman of the Improvements Committee for the whole period of the first Council. I am not about to discuss this valuable report; but no one who is interested in the future of London should fail to consider the views of Mr. Clarke, who, both on the Council and the Corporation of the City, has had an almost unrivalled experience of street improvements. The new Council had not been

elected a month before it began to consider two of the most urgent schemes which had been standing over, the first being the avenue through Bermondsey to connect the new Tower Bridge with the great Kent Roads; the second being the connection of Holborn with the Strand and the removal of the Holywell Street obstruction in the Strand. The Council adopted both schemes, and is now preparing Bills to obtain Parliamentary powers to effect them. The one thing which can wreck these indispensable projects is some financial disagreement.

The people of London must themselves strengthen the hands of their representatives if they seriously desire to have a commodious and noble city, a well-organised Government, plenty of fresh air, water, light, and health. The Council is ready with ample projects, and eager to carry them out in an imperial spirit. But it will not cast on its constituents an unjust share of the burdens. London is the most lightly taxed of all great cities, and long may it remain so; but it is heavily handicapped by the fact that its revenue is almost entirely derived from a single tax, which has now reached the utmost limit of endurable pressure. The future of London depends on the future of its finance. Paris, with about half its population, has a revenue three or four times as large. The true requirements of London, even for comfort and health, to say nothing of splendour, involve an income at least double that which it has. But no men can be more certain than the actual Councillors are to-day that nothing like that amount can be raised with the present system of taxation.

It is certain that the growth of a democratic franchise and the system of popular self-government will very much increase, and do nothing to obstruct, liberal and far-seeing plans of municipal progress. The working masses of London have, perhaps, a deeper and more healthy love for their great city, more pride in it, more interest in its management, than any other class whatever. The governing classes and professional classes are wont to look on London as the field of severe labour, occasional resort, or special excitement. Their ideas of rest, comfort, and happiness imply the "getting away" from it, or ultimate retirement to a very different region. The trading classes, large or small, view London in a rather local and parochial spirit, from the point of view of market, exchange, warehouse, and shop. They will work in it like miners in the pit; but they run out of it at every opportunity, and hope to end their days in a distant suburb. It may be fairly said that no rich, no well-to-do person, man or woman, knows

London as a whole, thinks of London as a whole, or has ever seen more than one-third or one-fourth of London.

This is not so with the working men of London. It is their home, "their county," their permanent abode. They never leave it but for a few days, or, at most, weeks; and they know that they will end their days in it. The calls of their trade usually compel them to change their lodgings into different quarters, or to traverse the vast city constantly from end to end and from north to south. The County of London covers 75,462 acres. Of these a duchess may know fifty; a member of Parliament, five hundred; and a barrister or tradesman, whose life is passed in town, may know one or two thousand. But the average London workman is compelled by the conditions of his life to know something of London as a whole. There he and his family pass their entire lives. Their pleasures, interests, duties, and holidays are all found in it; they cannot "get away"; they have to take it as they find it and make the best of it. The healthiness, the pleasantness, the convenience of London are all in all to them and to their household. Mismanagement is to them, and those dear to them, death, disease, discomfort. It would be strange if the London workman did not feel a deep interest in London improvements.

He has, too, a very real feeling for whatever makes his familiar city imposing or beautiful. His sense of art has to be satisfied there if anywhere. The M.P. who runs down to his own park, or takes a week in Paris or Venice; the prosperous citizen who comes in by train from Barnet or Richmond, can put up with lodgings in Mayfair for a season, or with a dingy office off Cornhill. But the workman has no idea of the life and splendour of a city except as he sees it in London. The creation of equal Parliamentary and municipal boroughs within London has founded a real civic organism of manageable size. A certain local patriotism is growing up in these boroughs, which are so much larger than parishes and so much smaller than the Metropolis. Representative institutions are rapidly creating self-contained towns, and the aggregate of these in the Council is creating a sense of Metropolitan unity. And with this sense of unity is growing the feeling of dignity and beauty in the city as a whole. It is working itself up from the mass and is perfectly spontaneous. The workman of London resembles the workman of Paris far more than the shopkeeper of London resembles his *confrère* in Paris. And the London workman is developing that keen pride and interest in his great city which so much strikes the world in

the workman of Paris. There are at this moment few men in London, whatever their history or their training, who have a finer eye for the beauty and glory of a great city than has that typical London workman, John Burns, the member for Battersea.

Anyone who will take the trouble to follow what has been done in late years to develop a local municipal patriotism—say in such typical democratic boroughs as Battersea or St. George's-in-the-East—will recognise the new development of city life which broad representative institutions have implanted in London. There is every reason to expect this to grow and deepen, until we may look to see the citizens of London show the same spirit of attachment and pride for their city as in the Middle Ages was shown for their cities by the citizens of Florence, Genoa, Ghent, or Berne. To the complete ascendancy of democracy in the Metropolis must we look to give us a reformed, wholesome, pleasant, and beautiful London.

London already has some grand opportunities and some rare features. Its noble river, its glorious parks, its lofty heights, far to the north and to the south, together with the Tower, St. Paul's, and the vast group of buildings at Westminster—are not equalled by any city in Western Europe. Its general position in the basin of the Thames, equally astride of its majestic and winding river, with its northern half climbing up a group of hills, and thence descending in easy gradients to the Embankment, is quite equal *as a site* to that of Paris, and no doubt surpasses that of any other capital in Europe but Rome and Constantinople; and even these are provincial towns in comparison with London. London is already far the healthiest of great cities; some of its western parishes have a death-rate below that of many a rural village or health resort. It has some sites of almost unrivalled felicity; and its historical monuments surpass those of any great city but Rome, Athens, and Constantinople. And, considering its abnormal size, its facilities for transit are better organised than those of any other city in Europe.

But all this is the beginning, not the end. London has almost everything yet to do to make it an imposing, a commodious, still more a beautiful city. But it has the makings of a noble city, and the physical opportunities for becoming such with energy, taste, patriotism, and public spirit. It is still cruelly hampered by parochial traditions and an obsolete jumble of authorities. This is now being rapidly reformed, and the next century may possibly open for London a well-organised working government complete in all its parts, with a reformed system of

taxation, and a revenue at least double its present amount. With this, the systematic improvement of London as a city ought to begin.

It would be well if its citizens began to calculate the enormous waste in time, strength, and money caused by the single element of over-crowded streets and the absence of convenient thoroughfares. There are large parts of London where the crooked lanes and decayed houses remain much as they were about the time of the Great Fire of 1666. From St. Giles's Church to St. Clement Danes much of the district lies as it did when all this was a suburb or detached village outside London proper. To drive from the British Museum to Somerset House, one must make a detour, or else run the risk of being blocked up in a fetid court. In the City proper the greatest care cannot prevent a block at every hour of the day; and the enormous value of land almost puts a bar upon new lines of communication. But for London as a whole, the urgent pressure of the moment is for better thoroughfares from north to south. Below Vauxhall Bridge not a single carriage bridge has been added for two generations, whilst the population in that time has increased three-fold. Londoners do not realise the enormous increase of the city south of the Thames, and, as a consequence, the even greater increase of the traffic across the Thames. At this moment the bridge accommodation, including therein the access to these bridges, north and south, requires to be doubled or tripled, either by new bridges or by improving the existing bridges, or both. The Blackwall Tunnel and the Tower High Bridge, now in construction, will do something for the river below London Bridge. But between Vauxhall and London Bridge the pressure of traffic struggling to pass from the north of the Thames to the south, and *vice versâ*, is almost intolerable. Were it not for the railways which cross the river, North and South London would be blocked up like beleaguered cities. The scheme for a new street from Holborn to the Strand, as adopted by the Council in July last, did not include any dealing with the northern approaches to Waterloo Bridge, apparently for the reason that this bridge must be soon improved or a new bridge built, and that it will be better to deal with the approaches in a single distinct scheme.

Members of Parliament, journalists, professional men, and various instructors of the public have their attention mainly drawn to the parts of London which lie between the Houses of Parliament and the Courts of Justice, or, at the utmost, those between the parks and the Bank. But this is not a tenth part of London. And these gentlemen

have little idea of the multitude of local requirements which call for treatment, and which the administration of London must ere long undertake. A few months' steady work on the Council would open their eyes to the enormous area of London, and the crying need of many local improvements. To note only a few of these, and to put aside the traffic across the river and the schemes already adopted in principle by the Council, we have the following:—

1. Northern approaches to Waterloo Bridge and Tower Bridge.
2. Completion of the Embankment scheme.
3. Easy access to the Embankment between Charing Cross and Blackfriars.
4. Improvement of the thoroughfares east and west of Battersea, Stockwell, Rotherhithe, Deptford, Stepney, and Hoxton.
5. A direct avenue from the three great northern termini to the Waterloo terminus.
6. Improvements in High Street, Kensington, Park Lane, Covent Garden, and the north side of St. Paul's Churchyard.

These are but some of the schemes required to give free communication from one end of London to the other. No man can calculate the money loss of half-hours wasted by millions of busy people struggling in crowds to reach one another. Carts, carriages, horses, omnibuses, and cabs labour thousands of miles each day, and goods, men, and vehicles lose thousands of hours each day—all of which would be saved if the streets were broader and more direct. Horseflesh, shoe leather, bad temper, trains missed, appointments failed, three journeys where one would serve, these, when spread over the lives of four millions of people and ten other millions who occasionally visit them, make up a prodigious total of human exertion and loss in hard cash.

There is another want for London, which is sorely felt—a proper building for the Government of London to work in. The royal palace wherein the Municipal Council of Paris is housed is certainly the most magnificent building that any city Government ever possessed, and is perhaps the most beautiful building that has ever been raised within the present century. If it sins at all, it is on the side of extravagance and luxury, but it duly expresses the pride of Parisians in their city and its Government. Every town in France, and in most parts of Europe, has a town hall adequate to its wants and its importance. Few provincial towns in England are now without a building which fairly meets their

wants, even if it be commonplace as art. But London, the greatest and richest city of the world, has its vast administration carried on in a queer and patched-up edifice which would hardly satisfy a third-rate banking or insurance company. And as this awkward building cannot house the staff, they have to be thrust into hired chambers in various by-streets and alleys.

It was one of the subsidiary purposes of the new street from Holborn to the Strand to supply a suitable site for such a hall. This is not the place to discuss this project. But it may be noted that a suggestion has been made in the *Fortnightly Review* by a learned gentleman to place the new County Hall at the southern end of the new avenue, exactly north of St. Mary's Church. Such a scheme might possibly commend itself to the Council, if its author could show them how the vast area required for the purpose is to be found without removing masses of existing buildings far greater than anything intended in the actual project. It is quite true, as remarked in the article, that the north view of St. Mary's Church is not equal to that from the west; and a further difficulty arises from the fact that the steeple of the church cannot easily be made the centre of the new avenue. Nothing, however, has yet been decided as to the architectural character of the new avenue, the main purpose of which is to be a central thoroughfare rather than an artistic adornment.

The first thing is to make this London of ours a healthful home for the people. The next is to furnish it abundantly with all the resources of civic life—one of the primary of which is adequate means of transit. And the third is to adorn it with beauty and delight. Now none of these objects are inconsistent with each other; and they should all be considered together. But none of them can justify placing burdens on our people to the degree which bows down many foreign cities. The people, who now have the destinies of their own city in their own hands, will no longer be satisfied with permanent ugliness and inveterate discomfort. The poorest people know how essential it is to genuine patriotism to give dignity to their national symbols and edifices. This national patriotism is fast extending itself to that civic patriotism which in London at least has lain dormant for centuries. But in our own generation the spirit is reviving. And we may yet hope to see a noble London, worthy of its past history and its future greatness.

FREDERIC HARRISON, L.C.C.

SPEECHES AND SPEAKERS OF TO-DAY.

THE Speaker is reported to have said the other day that most of the speeches he had heard would have been the better for abbreviation. The Speaker is perhaps a prejudiced critic. Whether the speech be long or short, good or bad, he must sit and pretend to listen. As was his predecessor Mr. Speaker Cornwall, he is "chained like sad Prometheus to his rock," and "looks in vain for pity to the clock." In one important respect, however, he is more fortunate than those who went before him. Midnight brings him release. He does not see the morning sun stream through the painted windows. Members of Parliament no longer meet the milkman on his rounds as they retire to their rest. The new rules, the rules of 1887, have exercised a remarkable influence upon Parliamentary oratory. They have done something to shorten speeches. They have done more to extinguish bores. Mr. Disraeli never could endure the notion of early closing in the House of Commons. If a member of Parliament could not sit up like a gentleman he was not fit to be a member of Parliament at all. Mr. Disraeli could recollect the famous occasion when Lord Palmerston was on his legs from dusk to dawn, and detained the Commons of England for five mortal hours on the woes of Don Pacifico. He was in the House three years later when Mr. Gladstone, for the first time Chancellor of the Exchequer, expounded his great Budget of 1853 in a speech almost if not quite as long. Mr. Gladstone cannot quote Homer at St. Stephen's. He cannot get nearer his favourite author than Virgil or Pope. On that occasion he had recourse to Virgil.

> At nunc immensum spatiis confecimus æquor,
> Et jam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

It was near the end of his fifth hour that he rolled out that majestic couplet with the just perfection of well ordered emphasis which makes him the first declaimer as he is the first orator of the world. Twenty-

eight years afterwards, when an unholy combination of bigotry and cynicism sought to damage a Liberal Government by excluding the late Mr. Bradlaugh from Westminister, Mr. Gladstone, then as now, Prime Minister, startled and enthralled the House by delivering, as no one else could have delivered them, six magnificent lines in which Lucretius expressed the creed of the Right Honourable Thomas Henry Henley. Few were those who understood. Still fewer those who made no effort to look as if they did.

It is not likely that the *De Rerum Naturâ* will ever again be cited to the representatives of the people. Still less probable is it that Parliamentary speeches will in future be reckoned rather by hours than by minutes. Very few Parliamentary orators observe the old standard of length. There yet prevails the miserable superstition that the occupants of the two front Benches must never consume less than an hour of the public time. The idea is confined to these gentlemen themselves. I can confidently assure them that if they will collectively or individually abandon it, no protest will be raised either by friend or enemy. Followers and opponents will combine to praise what seems to be the hardest form of self-denial that our fallen nature can endure. There are new men in the Government, even in the Cabinet. Here is a chance for them. Let them substitute compression for expansion. What cannot be said in twenty minutes ought seldom to be said at all. The present Home Secretary has set an excellent example. He was invited to move the amendment which turned Lord Salisbury out and put Mr. Gladstone in. If he had taken an hour and a half or two hours, he would have been within his traditionary right. But Mr. Asquith knows, if I may use the phrase, the time of day. He occupied the House rather less than five and forty minutes. He broke one of the Duke of Wellington's famous rules. He quoted Latin and did not quote it very happily. But he said what he had to say and sat down. There was not a superfluous word in the speech. It exhausted the subject without exhausting the audience. It epitomised without repeating the rhetoric of the General Election. Nobody would willingly have missed a sentence. He stopped before anyone had time to ask how much longer he was going on.

Parliamentary orators are, for the most part, nearly as vain as actors and a great deal vainer than women. Since the House of Commons began to rise at twelve there has been a great and growing desire to speak before dinner. The debate on the Address last Session was prolonged for a day because Mr. Chamberlain wished to have the best of

the afternoon at his disposal for traducing his former friends. Very well he did it, with true passion, the passion of hate. Mr. Chamberlain's portentous oration on his own abortive Merchant Shipping Bill is perhaps the longest speech delivered in the House of Commons for many years, except the late Mr. Biggar's interminable series of extracts from Blue-books. But Mr. Chamberlain is not usually like that. He is essentially a man of business, even when he addresses the House of Commons. If Mr. Gladstone is the link between the ancient and the modern world, Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Balfour, is modern or nothing. He has great defects. Absolutely devoid of humour, wholly incapable of eloquence, he can derive no aid from history or from literature. His rare excursions into either have been singularly unfortunate. If he could be brought to realise that readers of Dickens sympathise with Oliver Twist when that youth asks for more, and that to call a prophet Cassandra is not an insult but a compliment, his two literary reminiscences would be more serviceable to him than they are. Mr. Chamberlain probably agrees with Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller, in *Janet's Repentance*, who didn't think much of education because he could buy up most of the educated men he knew. I sometimes fancy that Mr Chamberlain detests in Sir George Trevelyan an educated man whom he could not buy up. Where any feeling or any delicacy is required, Mr. Chamberlain makes a deplorable exhibition of himself. Nobody who heard it is likely to forget his astounding tribute to the memory of John Bright. Mr. Gladstone, good old William Henry Smith, Lord Hartington, Mr. Justin McCarthy, had all spoken characteristically, and yet all appropriately, about the great man whose beautiful voice was silent for ever, whose powerful personality would no more sway the counsels of the nation. Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly, Mr. Chamberlain got up. No one had called for him; no one asked for him; no one wanted him; no one was thinking of him. He was not the only surviving member for Birmingham, nor yet the oldest. However, he persisted, and the House had to writhe in secret under the infliction of being told that Mr. Bright had never paid his election expenses and was proud of his fascination for cats. The House of Commons has seldom passed a more excruciating quarter of an hour.

The Tories consoled themselves for the Rossendale election by gibing at a "gas and water Home Rule." Mr. Chamberlain's is a gas and water oratory. But of its own kind, and within its own limits, it is perfect. Clear, incisive, persuasive, exhaustive, the preconceived march

of its orderly progress compels admiration, if it does not extort acquiescence. It is the ideal of businesslike statement. Mr. Chamberlain only gets beyond it when he comes to deal with someone he dislikes. Then his countenance darkens and his eye contracts. There is anger in his face, and hatred in his voice, and the rhetoric which no generous sentiment ever inspired becomes human by the very rancour that informs it. There are few things the House of Commons enjoys so much as the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone trouncing Mr. Chamberlain. The art is so consummate, the good humour so imperturbable, the irony so delicate, the consciousness of intellectual supremacy so subdued and yet so obvious, that Tories abandon themselves to unrestrained mirth, and even Dissentient Liberals have to bite their lips. Mr. Gladstone is everything that Mr. Chamberlain can claim to be, and much more. Familiar with great writers who are to Mr. Chamberlain a sealed book, he has a more intimate acquaintance with every detail of public business than Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. Gladstone has carried into Radical Parliaments the tone and manners of more old-fashioned and ceremonious assemblies. He is known to hold the opinion that you cannot judge of a speech by reading it, whereas Sir William Harcourt holds that you must now consider your readers even more than your hearers. There are not many points of resemblance between Mr. Gladstone and Charles Fox. But there is one, and it cannot be dismissed as trivial or curious. One of Mr. Gladstone's speeches on the Afghan War of 1879 was described by a hostile critic as a "passionate anatomy of Blue-books." It would be difficult, in this garb of detraction, to convey higher eulogy. The fusion of reason and passion is the phrase in which one of Fox's most enthusiastic admirers attempted to express his admiration. Everybody knows Mr. Disraeli's description of Sir Robert Peel as the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived. I believe that Sir Erskine May —who must have seen a great deal of them both—considered Mr. Gladstone to be a greater member of Parliament than Sir Robert. Mr. Payne, in his agreeable edition of Burke, traces the modern style of Parliamentary speaking to the illustrious pamphleteer. Mr. Payne's dictum seems to be dangerously near a paradox, for Burke was a regular dinner bell. But I am sure that nobody can read a single speech of Sir Robert Peel's without perceiving that Sir Robert was Mr. Gladstone's model. It is not merely the celebrated three courses, so pungently satirised by Mr. Disraeli as "the course the right honourable Baronet took, the course he abandoned, and the course he ought to have taken."

The whole argumentative structure is fundamentally the same. Of course Mr. Gladstone, besides improving and expanding his model, has added much from the vast treasure-house of his own intellectual resources. But he has never ceased altogether to be a Peelite, and it is impossible to appreciate his oratorical position without a knowledge of the speeches of Sir Robert Peel.

It was said of that great verdict-getter, Sir James Scarlett, that he shone most brightly as a young lady of good family who had been seduced by an officer of the Guards. *Omnia mutantur.* The chastity of the Guards is now as unimpeachable as the consistency of the Nonconformist conscience. But in the House of Commons, which has been the grave of so many forensic reputations, there is still room for good acting, as Sir William Harcourt has discovered. Sir William Harcourt is an aristocrat playing the part of a demagogue, and playing it exceedingly well. But perhaps his most imposing aspect is seen when he appeals in the character of an apostle or prophet to the judgment of an enlightened future. I, for one, can never forget the thrill of virtuous emotion which I always felt when he addressed the late Tory majority in some such words as these: "But there is a wider question, and a higher tribunal, and the people of this country will do justice between us and you." It was, as Sydney Smith said, like "Cicero, Fox, Burke, and the Attorney and Solicitor General" all rolled into one. It made Mr. Goschen fidget with indignant passion, and the bloom on Mr. Curzon's cheeks assumed the hue which poets have consecrated to the passion of envy. Mr. Curzon is a good speaker, and a very industrious young man. But if he would disabuse himself of the idea that his resemblance to George Canning extends beyond his Christian name he would escape the temptation to merge the sublime in the ridiculous which now so easily besets him. Sir William Harcourt has modelled himself with more success on the Parliamentary traditions of the past. When Mr. Pitt was asked by a learned friend how he came to know so much law, he replied, "It is because I read Blackstone, while you lawyers only talk about him." Sir William Harcourt knows his political history, as it were, by heart, and what is more important still, he knows the House of Commons. Therein lies his superiority to Sir George Trevelyan. I have often been amused by the tone in which rising young Liberals talk of Sir George, who was famous in politics and literature before they were out of their political cradle, if, indeed, they have emerged from that sanctuary now. But still it must be admitted that, for some reason not very plain, Sir

George Trevelyan has failed to catch the modern Parliamentary tone. His opinions are Radical enough for anybody. He is rightly determined not to be left in the background. But his uncle's essays are too much in his mind and memory. "He is," said Lord Randolph Churchill, "the most gushing politician I know." The taxation of ground-rents is a legitimate object. The endowment of Irish landlords by Land Purchase Acts is a gross scandal. But the one should not be supported nor the other denounced in the tone and manner of an unmusical curate endeavouring to sing the familiar liturgy of the Anglican Church.

Sir William Harcourt's success is a striking and significant tribute to the use of preparation. When he speaks at a public meeting he writes his speech out and reads it. Mechanical contrivances skilfully disposed may wholly or partially conceal the fact. But it is a fact all the same. The superficial critic might infer that when Sir William had to speak on the spur of the moment he would speak badly. The exact reverse is the truth. There is no readier or more effective debater in the House of Commons. Lord Brougham declared more than seventy years ago that the more a man got up his speeches when he could, the better he would speak when he couldn't. Sir William Harcourt is a positive instance of the rule. A negative instance is Mr. Balfour's. I have the sincerest admiration for Mr. Balfour's ability, and there are very few men I would rather meet in the freedom of social intercourse. Nobody can be more genially and unaffectedly agreeable. But his mode of treating the House of Commons seems to me, in plain language, insolent. It is true that having begun very badly he has come to be a power in debate. It could hardly be otherwise with a clear-headed person of remarkable capacity who has enjoyed or endured for seven or eight years the invaluable training of constant practice. But if Mr. Balfour be an orator, it is in spite of himself. He has never taken the slightest pains. He has almost told the House of Commons in so many words that as a man of intellect and culture he would not waste his time in thinking what he should say to an uneducated mob supposed on some ridiculous theory to personify the country. He may reply with some show of reason that the House of Commons likes it. I can only retort that I do not. "Λὰξ ἐπίβα δήμω κεκυφόσι," said the Greek poet. "Stamp with your heel upon the empty-headed populace." Fox, I believe, liked the poem. Mr. Balfour, I am sure, admires the sentiment. For my part, I like to be treated not only as a vertebrate animal, but as a reasonable being. Speeches are none the worse because they "smell

of the lamp." Style may count for nothing in the next world. But it still counts for a good deal in this.

What has made Mr. Asquith Home Secretary? He is an exceptionally clever and capable man, I know. It was a happy stroke on Mr. Gladstone's part to put him in the Cabinet. But without his powers of speech, exercised in the House of Commons and on the platform, Mr. Gladstone would never have heard of him, and he would not now be in a position to let Mrs. Maybrick out of gaol. Macaulay said that eloquence nearly made a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division. It quite made one of Mr. Disraeli, who laboured under the same technical disadvantage. Mr. Asquith is an excellent lawyer, and will, I have no doubt, prove a highly successful administrator. But it was his speeches which placed him where he is, and, unlike Mr. Balfour, he took the utmost pains with them. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith have many similar qualities, and a good deal of respect for each other. Last Session they both took part in the debate on Woman's Suffrage. I entirely agreed with Mr. Balfour's conclusion, and with the arguments by which he arrived at it. I considered Mr. Asquith's speech sophistical and disingenuous. What he said was, "Women are unfit for the franchise." What he meant was, "Women will vote Tory." But Mr. Asquith's speech was an intellectual treat, if only on account of the terse, felicitous, epigrammatic form in which it was clothed. It was rhetorically so good, and morally so bad, that I am told it shocked no less than five opponents of female suffrage into voting for the Bill. Mr. Balfour had no effect upon anyone, unless irritation be among the recognised effects of oratory. He stumbled. He bungled. He floundered. He hesitated. He repeated himself. He made it painfully evident that he had not thought of what he was going to say, and that while he said it he was thinking of something else. Yet Mr. Balfour is lauded to the skies as a Parliamentary leader, while Mr. Keir Hardie, for inadvertently approaching the Speaker with his hat on, is rated by superfine journalists as if he had committed the unpardonable sin.

When Charles Fox, in the middle of a gambling bout, amused himself by making a speech in the House of Commons, Horace Walpole wanted to know what the masterpieces of ancient oratory were worth compared with "this boy's manly reason." The question was a foolish one, for Athens had an Alcibiades as well as a Pericles, and Rome a Catiline as well as a Cicero. But it testifies to Fox's immense reputation

at a time when he had only just been introduced to the House of Commons. Manly reason could be attributed to Lord Randolph Churchill by friends and flatterers alone. He attained first notoriety, and then fame, rather by boyish impertinence. But Lord Randolph's genius is a practical one. He wanted to succeed. Whether he ought to have succeeded was a question over which he was perfectly willing that critics, casuists, and moralists should subsequently dispute. He is known to feel for Mr. Gladstone a perfectly genuine admiration and esteem. But from 1880, when he developed an interest in religion because Mr. Bradlaugh was an Atheist, to 1885, when he stood upon a bench and shouted because the Liberal Government was defeated, it was his business to make Mr. Gladstone odious and Mr. Gladstone's Administration contemptible. The Fourth Party had not a principle to swear by. But it had a man to swear at, and that answered the purpose quite as well as a manual of political philosophy. Lord Randolph attacked Mr. Gladstone to keep his hand in. The result was satisfactory to the practitioner, not merely by putting him at the head of the India Office but by turning him into a finished debater. Lord Randolph has acquired in perfection what is called the House of Commons manner. He is quick, adroit, humorous, businesslike, self-possessed, and clear. No one has a keener art or a more spontaneous flow of fun. Apart from the extraordinary coarseness which sometimes revolts friend and foe alike, his whole tone and method are of the most approved Parliamentary type. He knows where to hit, when to hit, and how to hit. Few more diverting scenes have been witnessed in our day than the encounter between Lord Randolph and Mr. Chamberlain over the Aston Riots in 1884. It was currently reported that the riots themselves had not exhibited Lord Randolph in the most heroic light, and that the effect of his personal prudence was enhanced by Sir Stafford Northcote's recklessness of danger. But in the House of Commons he had his revenge, and Mr. Chamberlain's nervous anxiety to find out how much his assailant really knew was comical in the highest degree. Mr. Chamberlain has since advanced while Lord Randolph has receded. If they ever make a deal, they will combine more talent with less scruple than any Parliamentary alliance of this generation. But they probably know too much of each other to act together for long. And this is providential. For if politicians of their kidney were capable of mutual confidence, the public would stand a poor chance.

OUR SIKH AUXILIARIES.

IN a former number of this REVIEW I gave a brief account of the Goorkhas, describing their physical characteristics, their fighting qualities, their feats of arms, &c, my object being to call attention to the value of our auxiliary forces in India, especially of those on whom we should have to rely in the event of our being called upon to resist an invasion by an European army. With the same object I now propose to give a brief description of the Sikhs, from whom we draw a much larger contingent of soldiers than we do from the Goorkhas—a contingent little, if at all, inferior as fighting men to the latter.

As is well known, the Sikhs are inhabitants of the Punjab; but the fact that they are a sect, not a race, may be new to some of my readers, but it is so, and is implied in the name—Sikh, which means a learner or disciple. Their founder was a teacher named Nanuk, who appeared towards the end of the fifteenth century, and there is little in the tenets which he taught to which objection can be taken. They inculcated monotheism, purity of life, charity and toleration, and abstinence from war and violence generally. In Nanuk's time, and for more than a century after him, the Sikhs, under the guidance of their Gooroos, or spiritual directors, maintained their purely religious character, and if this had continued, warriors like those who fought at Ferozeshah and Chillianwala would never have been found among them. But this was not so: first Gooroo Hur Govind departed from the Quaker precepts of Nanuk, and taught his followers the use of arms and made soldiers of them, and a century later Govind, the last of the Gooroos, greatly developed their military character. In this and in other ways he entirely departed from the teaching of Nanuk, and it was under him that the Sikh acquired the warlike instincts that have characterised him ever since. Govind's aim was to create a homogeneous military community; and he therefore abolished caste, and instituted the "Khalsa," or commonwealth, to

which all true Sikhs were to belong. War, especially against Mussulmans, was to be their first duty; every man was to be called "Singh" (lion), thereby indicating his military character, and steel was ordered to be held in special honour. There were many other injunctions tending to make a wide distinction between Sikhs and Hindoos. Govind carried on for many years a fierce combat with the Mogul Emperor, but he was not successful in throwing off the Mussulman yoke, and he eventually made his peace with the Emperor and died in his service. But his mission was not in vain; he was the founder of a great military caste which, later on, in the seventeenth century, under the leading of the great Runjeet Singh, developed into a powerful and warlike nation.

In physical attributes the Sikh is markedly superior to the other castes and races among whom he lives. Whether this is due to the martial spirit which animates him operating on his physical constitution or to more liberal ideas as to diet than prevail among Hindoos, I cannot say, but the fact is undoubted and has been noticed by many writers. He is as a rule a tall handsome man with splendid teeth, this last feature being perhaps due to strict abstinence for generations from tobacco in any shape. In many regiments the average height is as much as 5ft. 8in., and few corps in any country present a braver show on parade than a crack Sikh regiment. One or two regiments recruited from a particular class wear sharp-edged quoits in their turbans, which, when hurled by them, are formidable missiles. I have seen a plantain stem of considerable thickness cut through by them. I suspect, though, that in these days these quoits are for show and not for use.

As I have said, it was Runjeet Singh who made a nation of the Sikhs, and after years of strife he reduced the whole of the Punjab to subjection. Fortunately for himself he early recognised the military superiority of the British, and avoided any collision with them. Nor was he above taking ideas from them; and it is said that he first realised the value of drill and discipline in 1809, when the Sepoy escort of a British envoy repulsed the onslaught of five times their number of Sikhs, whose fanaticism had been inflamed against them. He took into his service many European adventurers of various nations, under whose instructions the Sikh army, artillery and infantry in particular, grew into a most formidable weapon. As long as Runjeet Singh lived—he died in 1839—this army was kept in its place under a discipline as sanguinary as it was strict, but after him there was no one to wear his mantle, and in a few years these Prætorians became the controlling power in the State, a

terror to their nominal ruler, and a source of uneasiness to the British Government.

Our first experiences of the Sikh army were in the first Afghan war, and they were not favourable. The Lahore Durbar had sent a contingent to co-operate with General Pollock's relieving army at Peshawar. British prestige had been seriously impaired by the disasters which overtook a portion of our army in Kabul, and, probably influenced by this, the demeanour of the Sikhs was anything but friendly or respectful. British officers were insulted, Sepoys tampered with, and there were grave doubts whether they would not turn against us. But General Pollock's victories had a wholesome effect on their conduct, and their co-operation proved of more value than had been expected. At first British officers had formed a low opinion of the Sikh as a fighting man, rating him below the Afghan and the Sepoy, but the time was approaching when the incorrectness of this idea was to be conclusively shown on the battle-field.

Into the causes of the Sikh war of 1845 I do not propose to enter, as I am writing of Sikhs as soldiers and not as diplomatists or statesmen. Suffice it to say that the Khalsa took the bit in its teeth and crossed the Sutlej, thereby throwing down the gauntlet against England. This challenge met with little or no support from the Sikh Sirdars, except in so far as some of them encouraged it in the hope of seeing the army crushed by British arms, as they did not doubt it would be. But the soldiery had no such fears; they were confident that they could not only defeat the enemy on their frontier, but overrun his empire up to the sea; in fact, it is said that governors had been selected for distant places, such as Benares and Calcutta. This being the spirit that animated them it is no wonder that they were found hard to beat, and it was mainly owing to the half-heartedness, if not actual treachery, of the Sikh leaders that the early part of the campaign did not result in disaster to the British army.

It is a matter of history that between December 18th, 1845, and February 10th, 1846, the two met in pitched battle four times; at Moodkee the Sikhs attacked in the open; at Ferozeshah their entrenched camp was attacked and carried, and a similar but more decisive result befel them at Sobraon, Sir Harry Smith having previously defeated them in the open at Aliwal. In this campaign, Sir Hugh Gough was able to indulge in his favourite weapon, the bayonet, to his heart's content. He was, perhaps, rather too fond of the cold steel

and too averse to tactics, and consequently broke rather more eggs in making omelettes than was necessary; but a finer leader in a ding-dong stand-up fight no army need have asked for. It is recorded of him that once finding one of his brigades staggered by artillery fire from entrenchments he rode off with his staff to the flank in order to divert the fire on to himself. Few engagements have been more dangerous to cocked hats than those on the Sutlej, and this fact may have inspired the grand old veteran to act as he did. Such a manœuvre is, perhaps, scarcely within the functions of a commander-in-chief, but there is a delicious simplicity in it that puts many a fine tactical combination into the shade. Nor was Sir Henry Hardinge, who, though Viceroy, served as second in command, less conspicuous in exposing himself to fire, and against such leadership the Sikhs, with all their gallantry, were finally unable to bear up. But it was Greek meeting Greek; the Sikhs distinctly proved their superiority over the Sepoys, and it was on the British troops, cavalry as well as infantry, that the task of carrying entrenchments devolved. Ferozeshah was a two days' battle, and it ended with the capture of the enemy's camp and artillery, but had the Sikh reserve advanced when the British had exhausted their ammunition there would probably have been a different result to chronicle. The victory of Aliwal was the turning point; the Sikhs were fairly beaten, and the bodies of the slain floating down the Sutlej to Sobraon, where the main body was encamped, must have inspired unpleasant forebodings. But there was no failure of courage among the Sikhs; our crowning victory of Sobraon was dearly bought, and few armies have borne away from a victorious campaign a higher reputation than did the Khalsa from one of defeat; in fact, it was in this campaign that theirs may be said to have been established. The toll they levied in these battles was very heavy, especially on the British regiments. At Ferozeshah the 9th Regiment lost 273 of all ranks; the 62nd lost 260; the 3rd Light Dragoons 152. At Aliwal and Sobraon the 31st lost 142 and 154; the 29th 148 and 187; the 1st Europeans 204 and 197, while in the four actions the 50th lost 35 officers and 416 men. How little the spirits of the Sikhs were cowed by this campaign is shown by the fact that within two years of Sobraon they again threw down the gage of battle, and again was the British army under the same commander-in-chief to learn from deadly experience the costliness of bull-dog tactics against such a foe.

Passing by the siege of Mooltan, which, nevertheless, with Bhurtpore

and Delhi, ranks high among our Indian sieges, and the minor but very unsatisfactory actions of Sadoolapore and Ramnuggu, we come to Chillianwala, the nearest approach to a defeat ever sustained by a British army in a pitched battle in India. An excellent plan of battle had been arranged, the army was to halt within striking distance of the enemy and to attack after a night's rest, and there was every hope of a decisive result, when everything was upset by the impetuosity of the fiery old commander-in-chief. While reconnoitring, a cannon ball fell close by him, and he instantly ordered an attack, although his men were fasting after a trying march. After a brief and futile cannonade, which he considered had shaken the enemy—an assumption which previous experience should have made him cautious in adopting—Lord Gough determined to advance, and at first he met with some measure of success. The 24th Regiment carried a battery with the bayonet, but being unsupported were driven back with frightful slaughter, and a few guns were secured elsewhere, a gain counter-balanced by our loss of six guns and several colours. Twenty-two officers and 497 men fell in the 24th, a loss not exceeded on any occasion until a battalion of the same regiment was destroyed by the Zulus at Isandlwana in 1878. The native regiments, too, bore their share, three of them losing 204, 285, and 304 respectively, and though the Sikhs suffered severely, a drawn battle is as much as we can claim. So wholesome was the respect inspired by the Sikhs after this that earthworks were thrown up round our camp, a precaution which, it is said, had never been taken before by a British army in India. However, better results were soon to reward sounder tactics, and five weeks later, by the judicious use of an overwhelming artillery, Lord Gough won the decisive victory of Goojerat with comparatively small loss. This was the end of the Khalsa ; it died fighting and left a glorious tradition of its brief but eventful existence.

Hitherto, as in the case of the Goorkhas, the martial qualities of the Sikhs had been revealed to us in warfare against ourselves, but the crisis of 1857 gave us an opportunity of enlisting our quondam foes to take the place of our mutinous Sepoys. We had already raised a few so-called Sikh regiments, but the Sikh element was largely leavened with Goorkhas, Pathans, and others. In 1857, however, Sir John Lawrence staked all on the loyalty of the Punjab, and Sikhs, Punjabees, and Pathans were poured down to reinforce our scanty force besieging Delhi, and nobly there and elsewhere did they justify the confidence the great pro-consul placed in them. There had been grounds for this

confidence ; in many regiments the Sikhs had separated themselves from their mutinous comrades, and had often given valuable information of intended outbreaks, and besides loyalty, there were other motives to attract them to our standard—their innate love of fighting, the hope of plunder, and the prospect of fighting against the hated Mussulman in his headquarters at Delhi. Nevertheless, there are few more striking incidents in history than this appeal to the soldiers we had fought against only eight years before. The faithful Sikh Sepoys became the nucleus of fresh regiments ; old gunners who had been trained by Runjeet Singh's French officers, and who only understood French words of command, resumed their old vocation, a useful stratum of recruits was found among the Muzbees, or low caste Sikhs, and, from first to last, reinforcements of more than 50,000 men were furnished from the Punjab. Nor were fit leaders wanting ; to mention only a few, Hodson, Fane, Probyn, Watson and Rattray, Brasyer and Rothney organised cavalry and infantry regiments, and commanded them with distinction in the field.

Under such men the ancient ardour of the Khalsa revived, and we soon appreciated the valuable recruiting ground we had gained, and largely availed ourselves of it. It was thought desirable to mix up races in regiments, and consequently for many years there were only three purely Sikh regiments—the 14th, 15th, and 45th—but thousands of Sikhs were serving all over India. As soldiers, they are said to be better for defensive than for offensive purposes, to be steady and tenacious rather than dashing and aggressive, and certainly there are many incidents in their military history which support this view. In their national wars with us they nearly always fought on the defensive, and since they have served in our ranks they have often distinguished themselves under similar conditions. But soldiers who are very good on the defensive are usually pretty good in the attack. Wellington's army has often been looked upon as of the stone wall order, and so it was when necessary; but Badajos, Salamanca, Nive, Nivelle, proved what fierce impetuosity it could also show in the attack. It is very likely that the Sikhs are not as good as skirmishers as they are in line, and therefore that modern warfare does not suit them so well as the more deliberate tactics of former days. But, after all, bravery is the first essential of a soldier, and he who has learnt, as the Sikh has, that he must not die with his back to the foe must be formidable in any formation.

Since the Mutiny there have been many opportunities of testing the military value of the Sikhs—wars in China, Abyssinia, Afghanistan, Burma, the Soudan, and innumerable expeditions on the Indian frontier, have shown how, so far, they have never failed when called upon. In 1863 the bravery of the 14th Sikhs in the Umbeyla campaign, the most serious we have been engaged in on the north-west frontier, was markedly conspicuous, especially at the Crag Picquet, which was captured and re-captured three times, and round which 120 Sikhs fell.

The 15th Sikhs formed part of the force which was sent to Suakin in 1885, and at the memorable attack on the zareba at Toprek they had an opportunity of showing that they had lost none of the hereditary tenacity of the race. The Arab rush was as sudden as it was impetuous. Many of our troops were without their arms, collecting brushwood for the zariba or eating their dinners, when the cavalry, who were out scouting, came galloping in with the Arabs at their heels. Many broke through the line of the 15th, on whom the brunt of the shock fell, but the ranks were instantly closed up, and shoulder to shoulder stood the gallant Sikhs, and against them the equally gallant Arabs dashed themselves in vain. Bayonet and bullet were plied with terrible effect, and no spearman thereafter succeeded in breaking through the 15th line. The Berkshire Regiment had an equally savage hand-to-hand fight, and a strong feeling of camaraderie, dating from this eventful March 22nd, sprang up between the two regiments, which should not be allowed to die out. Considering the nature of the combat, the 15th loss was not heavy, some thirty killed and wounded, and this was one of the occasions where it was less dangerous to stand and fight than to run away. There was an old Gooroo serving at Suakin in the transport, whom hatred of the Mussulman had attracted to the war. Too old to fight himself, he used to stimulate his co-religionists by most fiery sermons inciting them against their hereditary foe, and well did they carry out his exhortations. The regiment was specially commended by Sir G. Graham, who commanded at Suakin, for its fighting and marching qualities, and no regiment of the many which have served in the various Egyptian campaigns brought away a better reputation.

Of late years some doubts have been felt as to whether we can depend on recruiting as many men from among the fighting races, the Sikhs of course included, as we have hitherto done. It has been thought that the Pax Britannica, which has prevailed in India for so many years, has quenched their martial ardour and diverted their energies to pacific

occupations. The Council of the United Service of India apparently hold this view as the subject they gave for their annual gold medal competition was the extension of the recruiting grounds of the future, rendered necessary in consequence of the falling off above alluded to. The writer of the able essay which won the medal, Lieutenant Cardew, Bengal Cavalry, shares this view as far as the Sikhs are concerned, and the other competitors, whose essays are published, to a certain extent agree with him. The Census of 1881 showed that there were about 1,750,000 fewer Sikhs in the Punjab than in 1868, as far as can be gathered from the imperfect returns of that year; and there is reason to anticipate that this year's Census will reveal a further decrease. Unfortunate as this is, there are certain considerations which somewhat modify the position. The Sikh sect may have diminished in numbers, but the classes from which it is drawn still remain, and its ranks can be easily replenished. No Sikh is born one, he has to be initiated when he approaches manhood, and there are millions of Punjabis who can become fighting Sikhs after undergoing the ceremony of initiation. It should be borne in mind that a fighting caste must have the stimulus of war to keep it alive, and though the Pax Britannica has not yet shed its benign influence on the hill tribes, the petty wars which occur most years on our frontier can hardly exercise much proselytising effect on the Punjabi cultivators. But there are grounds for hoping that a really big war, especially if Afghan and Turcoman Mussulmans took part in it, would sensibly increase the number of converts. This seems to have been the case in 1857: the Sikhs had greatly decreased since the destruction of the Khalsa, but the Mutiny, and especially the fall of Delhi, revived the old warlike spirit, and there was a considerable increase of Sikhs. There are about 18,000 Sikhs in the Bengal army, and many more in that of Bombay, in the Burma police, in Hong Kong, and elsewhere. But Sikhs ought to serve in the Sikh regiments belonging to the Punjab Army Corps when it is constituted, and if these foreign demands were put a stop to there would be quite enough real Sikhs for such a purpose. Two new regiments were recently raised in a surprisingly short time, composed of first-rate material, as the writer can vouch for from personal observation; and there is good reason for hoping that if proper recruiting agencies are employed, and if, above all, these were constituted as class regiments, that plenty more would be forthcoming. The idea that in no regiment should there be a preponderance of any caste arose from the Mutiny, and no doubt from that point of view a mixed regiment is

less dangerous than a homogeneous one, but it is also less efficient. Other precautions can be taken; artillery can be kept British; arsenals and magazines can be in charge of British troops; the introduction of breech-loaders and still more of magazine rifles has in the long run weakened the power of our native army for insurrectionary purposes, provided no means of replenishing their ammunition is available. But the best way to keep the native soldier contented and to ensure suitable recruits being forthcoming is to make the service as comfortable for him as is compatible with discipline; and if class regiments are attractive, as is now generally held, they should be adopted. From the alacrity the Sikh shows in joining well paid services out of India it would seem that his enlistment is a matter of money, and if as a soldier he is worth more than he now gets, his pay should be raised, the extra expense being recovered by the disbanding of inferior troops. Eliminate these and encourage the enlistment of such warriors as Sikhs and Goorkhas, and there is no reason why we should shrink from speaking with any enemy in the gate of India or anywhere else.

N. G. LYTTELTON.

JIM THE ORANG AND HIS COUSINS.

IN the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park there is a young orang outan that is supposed to be about five years of age. He is a clumsy, awkward youth, with very slow motion and rather stupid look, but as we always judge the intelligence of other things by comparing them to man it is quite natural that our opinion of Jim does not flatter him very much; yet from his extreme youth and long captivity it is not quite fair to judge him by such a standard or to express an opinion now as to what he may become. Of course he will never be anything else but an ape, but when he becomes adapted to the new conditions of life which now surround him, and grows a little older, he may prove to be a good specimen of his race. Up to this time he has shown no bad traits of temper nor any strong indication of being very savage. He bites rather hard in his play, but he is not aware of that and does not evince anger in doing so. Still he seems aware of the advantage he gains by the use of his teeth and the prehensile character of his feet.

Through the kindness of Dr. Sclater, Secretary of the Zoological Society, I have been granted access to Jim at all times in order that I might try some experiments with him. As the presence of other persons on such occasions always detracts from the success and value of the experiments by diverting the attention of the subject, it has usually been my custom to make my visits at a very early hour of the morning. My experience with animals of all kinds has long since shown me that they are usually in a better mood in the morning than in the latter part of the day. This is especially true with apes and monkeys, as one might expect them to be in a bad state of mind after the pea-nut fiends have poked sticks at them all day and spit in their cute little faces until they are tired of resenting it.

The experiments which I have been performing with the orang are very novel, and the results are somewhat surprising. My special aim has been to ascertain whether I could fix his attention firmly upon a

certain point in order to test his skill in geometry and his sense of colour. The experiment was suggested to me by the eminent American surgeon and psychologist, Dr. Walter Kempster, who used a similar plan with feeble-minded children and idiots. I have somewhat elaborated upon the simple tests suggested by him, and have arranged to carry my experiments far beyond those used by him.

I took two small paper boxes about five inches square by one inch deep and lined them with pieces of cigar box in order to make them as strong as possible. I covered one box with bright green paper and in the lid cut a round hole about two inches in diameter. I then cut out a disc about the size of this hole to which I attached a knob to facilitate handling it, and this disc I also covered with green paper. The other box I covered with yellow and through the lid of it cut a square hole also about two inches across. For this I made a square block or plug with knob, and covered it with yellow paper. My object was to see if the ape would put the blocks into the holes which they fitted, and also to ascertain if he was guided by the shape of the hole and block or by the colour.

I entered the cage with my boxes and seated myself on a chair so that I could handle them with ease. I first took the round block in my fingers and showed it to him and then fitted it into the hole in the box-lid. The ape immediately wanted it, and when I let him have it he tried to put it into his mouth. I showed him a number of times what I wanted him to do, and after a little time I got him to drop the plug on the box and at last to put it into the hole; and when he did this I promptly rewarded him with a bit of apple which I had taken into the cage for this purpose. The second time it was an easier matter to induce him to put the plug into the hole and it seemed to dawn upon his mind that he was getting paid for his trouble, and he performed it more readily and after each effort would look up for his apple. I did but use one box on this first trial and did not continue the experiment long enough to tax his patience, but whenever he put the plug on the box or in the hole I would give him his reward, and this part of the programme seemed to be more easily understood.

A few days later I visited him again, and on this occasion I took both boxes into the cage and placed them before him and at the same time gave him the green plug to place. He at once dropped this into the right box and looked up for his apple. This was done so promptly that I could not doubt but that he was aware of what he was doing. I then

gave him the square plug, which he first attempted to put into his mouth and then finally dropped it into the wrong hole; each time he dropped the green plug into the right box, but the yellow one he usually got wrong. At last, when I would not allow him to put the blocks into his mouth nor into the same hole, he declined to play the game and would not take hold of either one except to throw it down into the straw and turn away. He certainly had an idea of what I wanted him to do, as his studied efforts to avoid it very clearly indicated. His conduct was exactly like that of a child a few months old. When I gave him the block he would try to put it into his mouth, and when not allowed to do this would drop it and turn away. I have been much more impressed with the strong likeness of manner and motive between this ape and a child, except that the mental powers of the ape at five years old are not much greater than that of a child of the same number of months. It seems to me that the ape can fix its attention now about like a child of that age can, but, in certain lines of thought, the ape is perhaps further advanced than the child. Physically, of course, he is very much in advance of a child five months old, but certainly is not far in advance of a child of his own age. His grip is much better than that of a child of equal age, but his actual muscular strength otherwise is not superior, I think. Taking his present state of development as a basis for reckoning, and supposing the stories of them to be true, it would indicate that the orang must live to an age of more than a hundred years.

On another visit to Jim, it was a dark, gloomy, rainy day. The keeper was busy about his work and opened the cage door for me and then locked me in with the ape and my boxes, chair, and apple. I gave him a bite of apple to start with and then I placed in his hand the square plug, which he immediately placed in the square hole. This was rewarded with a bit of apple. I then gave him the round block, which he proceeded to deposit in the square hole. After some little debate he placed it in the right hole, and I then gave him the square block, which he placed in the same hole. After a great many efforts I discovered one singular fact. No matter which block I gave him he would generally fit it into the hole of the same shape, but seemed determined always to place the second block in the same hole. I was satisfied from my experiments that he could easily distinguish the round hole from the square, and he knew evidently which block fitted it, but what reason he had for wanting to put both blocks in the same hole was not clear to me.

In a few cases where I compelled him to put the second block in the right hole he endeavoured to recover the first block which he had deposited in order to place it in the same hole, and when I gave it to him he would immediately do so. He seemed quite determined not to separate the blocks.

I have now prepared a new series of experiments, which I shall leave in the hands of the keeper during my long absence in Africa, and I shall try similar experiments myself during my stay there. It will doubtless be interesting to the public to know the tests to which I propose to subject these creatures, and those who are interested in such work may follow them up. I have taken a plain pine board, about two feet long and five inches wide, and in this board have cut four holes; one round, one square, one star-shaped, and one heart-shaped, and for each of these I have made a plug of the same shape and size. Of course, my purpose is to determine whether the ape can pick out the proper block without being told, and when he shall have accomplished this I shall then give him another board, in which will be cut the Arabic figures 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, with blocks to fit them, and see if he can be taught to select these numbers and place them properly. If he can do this the entire list of figures will be given him, and this will be followed by a list of letters from the alphabet having the least resemblance to each other so as to aid him in distinguishing them. If he can be taught to distinguish two geometrical figures, it is only a question of time and patience to teach him to distinguish by shape and name any number of unlike figures. From my very slight acquaintance with the anthropoid apes, I am not prepared to say whether they would ever be able to utter any alphabetic sound of human speech or not. I frankly admit, however, that I do not think such a thing possible among them, and therefore I do not hope to be able to cause them to use the letters in spelling as we use them, or the figures in making any calculation, nor do I suppose that they would have even a remote conception of their uses. But when we consider for a moment the wide space which separates them mentally from the lowest types of man, and how nearly impossible it is to teach those tribes of men to read and spell, it is not to be hoped that the ape can ever reach any high plane of culture during the lifetime of a single individual; and if successive generations should develop such talents it could only be the result of constant training and heredity, and only by such means as would tend to develop them into form of life more closely approximating man than ape.

Another test which I have prepared for the apes is intended to ascertain their knowledge and taste for colours. I have prepared a board one end of which is white and the other black, and two blocks of like colours, in order to ascertain whether he will lay the white block on the white end of the board and the black block on the black end. Another board is divided into three equal parts of red, yellow, and blue, this being the order in which these colours appear in the spectrum: they may be easily followed up by the intermediate or secondary colours of the spectrum. It is not my belief that the sense of colour is very delicate in these animals, but it is quite in keeping with the requirements of their conditions of life, and within the limits of the human race there is a wide range of colour-sense; and since there is much less cause for discrimination of colour within the sphere of Simian life than that of man, it is not surprising if it be found that they are much more indifferent in their selection of colours. But the mere fact of their being able to distinguish one colour from another indicates with certainty that the colour faculty is present in their organism, and hence the possibility of its development.

Another experiment which I mean to perform is to furnish the ape with a blackboard and crayon and see if he can be taught to make a straight line and circle or oval. If this can be accomplished there is no reason why he may not be easily taught to execute certain simple geometrical forms of the alphabet such as A, I, O, Z, and the like; and if this can be done why may we not go very far beyond this?

I do not mean to say that the execution of these forms necessarily implies the abstract idea of their values, nor do I claim it is possible for the ape in his present state to invent such things or to apply them to practical use; but I do maintain that such a feat would be cogent proof of his power of differentiation, which of itself is the very first step in mathematics. Neither do I consider that the execution of such figures by such means would be any evidence that the ape had heretofore conceived the idea of the glyphic art; and it is doubtless true that man was very far advanced above the plane of the ape before the thought ever occurred to him. But it is an easy matter to impart to others an idea that has once been applied to practical use as compared with the discovery of new ideas or the invention of new methods. Hence the Simians may be much improved by their contact with man; indeed, many instances prove that they do acquire new ideas and become somewhat more elevated in a state of captivity than in a wild state, which must be due to improved conditions and enlarged resources to go upon.

If I succeed by means of these experiments in showing that the ape has the native faculties of distinguishing geometrical forms and of executing them by delineation, it would certainly go far towards showing a condition of the mind very much the same as that of primitive man. And if I succeed in doing this I shall amplify this experiment by furnishing him with a set of plain, simple building blocks, and by this means ascertain to what extent he is possessed by nature or is capable by teaching of the art of architecture, and by a natural deduction this would show a capacity for many kindred pursuits. Many stories have been told by travellers of certain apes which are reported to live in the country around the head waters of the Ogowai river in West Africa, and it is said that a certain species of them build huts on the ground to shelter them from the weather, and that these huts are constructed of bark and dead wood in such a manner as to turn the rain from their occupants. I frankly confess that I am a sceptic on this subject, unless it is shown that the apes themselves live on the ground and hence are vastly different in many ways from any known species. It is true that the idea of architecture is very faintly suggested in the rude arboreal structures of the orang in Borneo and possibly the gorilla of West Africa, but these structures are not intended to protect their occupants from the weather but are only intended to ward off some vicious flies that infest the regions thereabouts, and the idea may have been borrowed most naturally from the swaying of boughs by accident, the ape observing the result. At any rate, it is a long stride from the mere drawing together of adjacent boughs for such a purpose and the methodical erection of separate pieces of materials which within themselves do not suggest any function that they could discharge conjointly which they did not possess separately. In other words, the one is only the use of a thing furnished intact by nature and the other is really a discovery of the combination of separate parts to a complete whole. I would not be understood, however, to say that there is no element of truth in these stories, but I do not know of any traveller who has actually seen those huts, and the accounts of them so far are like ghost stories. Nobody has ever seen one himself; but everybody has seen someone who knew someone whose grandmother had really seen a ghost. It is my purpose, however, if possible during my present journey in Africa to try and see the ghost myself.

I have not been able to try any experiments in music with the orang, nor do I think he is yet old enough to appreciate it even if he is gifted with a very high musical taste, because, as I have stated before,

his actual place in the mental scale at his present age is not much in advance of that of a child about five or six months old. But I carry with me a flute and banjo with which I shall try the nerves of the denizens of the Gaboon forests.

It is not my belief that apes are accomplished artists, musicians, mathematicians, architects, or linguists, but it is very difficult, if not impossible, to define the exact limits of these faculties by any sharp lines; and the fact that they distinguish sounds, colours, figures, quantities, and numbers clearly indicates that they have the basis upon which such superstructures may be erected, and my purpose is to see how tall such an edifice may be built. If my investigations result in the positive proof that apes are capable of more than man, I shall accept the situation and make the best of it; while on the other hand, if the evidence shows that there is no affinity between man and ape I shall be quite content with the result, and thousands of human beings who are now in doubt about their ancestors will be made happy.

One of my special desires has been to record the sounds of the orang now, and make such a record once or twice a month for some months in order to watch the development of his vocal powers, and ascertain whether they develop in accordance with the same law of growth as those of human beings or not. It is the first opportunity that has ever been afforded science to do such a thing, and it may be the last for many years to come. But the avarice of a few men makes Science hide her head in shame, while they strangle her babes and cut off her posterity. The use of the phonograph in England is inhibited for all purposes, regardless of law or authority, and I shall therefore abandon this one very important step merely to avoid delays in my journey which might result from it, but not through any compunctions or scruples that I would have in using a machine whose ownership belongs to the public. But science will nevertheless suffer the loss of this experiment. I had an expert in palmistry go with me to the Zoo to examine Jim's hands, in which were found all the usual lines of the human palm, although somewhat differently developed. I had the same thing done in New York with a couple of the brown Capuchins, and had their little fortunes told for them just the same as human beings have, and I think they appreciated it and believed as much of it as I do myself. A very interesting feature in the physiology of the orang is his nether lip. It is very large, and capable of being extended very far in advance of the upper lip, and seems in a measure to supply the place of cheek pouches,

as found in certain monkeys, except that he only stores his food there long enough to consume it in a very leisurely manner. In the cavity which he can form may be placed quite a bit of food, and by a peculiar movement of the lip he bites off just such an amount as he desires at the time, and retains the other till later. He often extends his lower lip for food instead of reaching his hand, and, in fact, the movement of his lip might be construed as a part of the sign language of his race. I am not sufficiently acquainted, however, with apes in general to say how far this characteristic prevails among them. With the Gibbon this characteristic is wanting, but I suspect that it may be found in the gorilla and chimpanzee. I base this opinion merely upon the projection of the muzzle.

The expressions of mirth, anger, and like passions are quite strong in this ape, and at times he shows a degree of sensitiveness which indicates more feeling and a deeper sense of right and wrong than one would ordinarily ascribe to such a type of intellect. When his keeper scolds him he will draw up his mouth as if to cry, lie down on the floor, hide his face, and occasionally peep out with a look of profound injury. When the keeper takes from him the food which he has given him for his supper, his actions and crying under these conditions are really pitiful, and the sound which he utters is really touching. Cruel as it may seem to deprive him of his food for the purpose of evoking from him such expressions, I confess that I have been guilty of having the keeper repeat this act in order that I might examine his eyes to ascertain whether he was really weeping or whether it was an expression of anger, and on repeating it several times I was quite convinced that it was only anger, such as is manifested by a child under similar conditions. His eyes were perfectly dry, but his face assumed a pallor which was not observable at other times and indicated the earnestness of his feelings. The keeper called my attention to the change of colour in the ape's face, and assured me that he had frequently observed this change, which he attributed entirely to the anger of the animal, provoked by his sense of wrong. He rolled and tumbled about the cage uttering a very peculiar and fretful cry, and sought to force the food from the hands of his keeper. As an evidence that he regarded this as his own, he had before been given some food to deliver to the Gibbon in the adjoining cage, which he did with some reluctance but without resentment; but after this, when he had been given his own supper in the rear of his cage, he seemed to regard its possession as lawful and unchallenged ownership,

and resented having it taken from him in the strongest terms. I cannot say how far he regarded the ownership in the same light that man does, because I cannot read the mental processes of the ape nor see the actual sentiment in the mind; but from the state of mind depicted in the face and the actions which ensued, I should determine that his impression of his rights was strongly impressed upon his mind. I really regretted to see the poor thing tormented in this manner and my sympathies with him were very strong, but the lesson was too valuable to be allowed to go by default.

I must not be understood to mean that this test of his weeping was at all conclusive, since it was not so much an occasion of weeping as of anger. But I think under proper conditions it will be shown that they do actually weep and that their tears are moved by similar emotions to those of man. Mr. Darwin has long since shown the physiological capability of these animals to weep, and I have observed and called attention to the fact that monkeys actually shed tears, and my own experience with them affords me many sad and yet some pleasing recollections, some of which I shall here relate as they are relevant to the subject now in hand.

About two years ago, as I drove through the streets of the little city of Columbus, Georgia, I saw an Italian with a hand organ and a monkey of the brown Capuchin variety. The poor little monkey was dressed in a kilt and cocked hat, and around his waist wore a belt to which was attached a small chain which the Italian held in his hand. Quite an audience of black and white children had assembled to witness the performance, and while the man ground away on his machine the little Franco-Scotch-Simian soldier passed round the circle to collect the pennies. I dismounted from the buggy and asked permission of the owner to speak to his monkey; permission was granted and I uttered to him in my best manner the Capuchin salutation and sound for food. The little captive immediately turned from his duties and came to me, uttering the same sound with great rapidity and energy. I procured some food from a shop in front of which this scene took place, which he ate with great relish. I also gave him some milk, which he drank with delight and then climbed up into my arms with an unceasing chatter which I cannot venture to translate literally, but the tone and manner of which appealed to my better feelings in the strongest possible manner. After spending a few minutes with him I could only with difficulty release myself from his little arms, which he had folded about my neck

most affectionately. His cruel master tugged and jerked at the chain and scolded him in the ugliest Italian. And in turn I rewarded him with a like scolding in as good English as I could command. During this scene the tears came to the monkey's eyes, and I really regretted that I had spoken to him at all, as this little ray of sunlight thrown into the darkness of his life of captivity may have made it all the more gloomy by reason of comparison. But I have remembered vividly how he called to me, with tears in his eyes at my departure, with that same soft, pleading, and musical tone with which he had answered my salutation, and this has sometimes made me wish that I could release them all from their confinement and restore them to the freedom of their native forests.

Another sad and tearful scene which I have not often told was witnessed by my dear friend Dr. J. A. Tonner, of New York, to whom I have left the pleasure of telling this scene. Before I left New York, I went to pay a last visit to my dear little Simian friend, McGinty, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours of the past winter in the Zoological Garden of Central Park. He had been removed by his master to Fort Lee, on the Hudson, and I had not seen him for some weeks. In company with my friend the doctor, I went over to the Fort to take leave of him before my departure for my long absence in Africa. On arriving at the house where he was kept, I inquired for him and was shown to the room where he was kept in a small cage. It was then just nightfall, the lamp was turned low, and the monkey had retired for the night to a small box in the top of the cage which he occupied as his dormitory. By the dim light I could see only the end of his tail projecting from the box; I paused by the cage and uttered the friendly salutation which I have before described in other articles, and to this he responded so promptly that he surprised me. He rushed from the box, sprang to the front of the cage, uttering the sound in the most impetuous manner, thrust his arms through the bars of the cage, caressing me tenderly, patting my cheeks, pulling my ears, and showing in every act his unbounded delight at seeing me. I asked permission to open the door of the cage and take him out. His owner, witnessing the scene, permitted me to do so, and by the time I had unlocked the door he had thrust his arms through it, clasped my neck, licked my cheeks, and clung to me as he had never done before in all our long acquaintance. I gave him a piece of banana which he ate, but never for a moment did he cease his chatter and caresses. After spending about half

an hour with him I repaired to an adjoining room to wash my hands and brush my clothes, during which time he called for me repeatedly, using the same sound which I have described in my book as used by Nelly on like occasions. On my return to him he tried in every way to induce me again to open the door of his cage, which, however, I could not do for want of time to catch the last steamer; and when I finally left him I could hear his pleading voice calling for me piteously after I had entered the carriage at the door. His owner assured me that he had never before thought so much of his monkey as he did now, and promised me that he would buy any toys that I should advise him, and thereafter treat McGinty as one of his family. I asked him first of all to build him a large cage, at least ten or twelve feet square, to secure him a companion, give him toys, such as balls, marbles, and bells, to play with, and under no conditions whatever allow him to be teased or annoyed by visitors.

When I repaired to the adjoining room to wash my hands I presume the monkey thought I would not return, and the tears in which he expressed his emotion were too evident to admit of debate; and the same was true at my final departure. I do not think for a moment that he had any suspicion of never seeing me again. But the long time which had elapsed since he had last seen me in the Zoological Garden, where he had become familiar with his surroundings and had the society of other monkeys, and his removal in the meantime to a strange locality, where he lived in absolute solitude and reduced to the limits of such a small cage, which was little better to him than a prison cell to a man, all conspired to make him rejoice at my visit and the more reluctant to part with me again. To say that he remembered me were to do less than justice to the occasion. His conduct showed beyond a possible doubt that he not only remembered me but that his affection for me had survived this lapse of time; and at my approach he evidently recognised the sound not only as that of his own tongue but he evidently knew who had produced it, and this awoke in him a train of memories in his past life in which I was included. And my previous kind treatment of him theretofore upon which his affections were founded, our many little romps and frolics in the Zoological Garden, the toys and tit-bits that I had given him together with his chums and keeper in other days, must have constituted the panorama which passed through his mind when I uttered the familiar sound.

On my last visit to Mickey, before he was removed from the Garden,

in Central Park, I found him placed in a cage which he had not before occupied. He was all alone in his quarter, and was the last of the five of his species who had composed the happy little colony during the past winter. He sat quietly crouched in a distant corner of the cage and appeared quite indifferent to the presence of the crowds which passed his cage all day long. There was milk in his pan, some fruit and nuts scattered over the floor, but poor Mickey evidently felt the solitude to which he was consigned and the loss of his four companions. When I entered the house in the midst of a throng of visitors, he did not discover my presence until I had nearly reached his cage, whereupon he instantly sprang to the bars of the cage uttering a peculiar cry, clasped my cheeks in his little brown hands, and gave such signs of joy as to astonish the visitors present. The keeper, who was in another part of the building, heard the sounds he made, and on coming where I was he informed me that he instantly recognised the sound as he had frequently done before, and knew, and stated to others, that I had come into the monkey house. At this scene the tears rose in Mickey's eyes and indicated rather an overwhelming sense of joy than one of regret. But we frequently observe in human beings that emotions of pleasure as well as those of sorrow evoke tears, and I think the same is true with Simians, except that they are not so sensitive to the emotions.

I have given elsewhere accounts of similar scenes, and if I had ever had a doubt as to the ability of these animals to think and weep and laugh such doubts would have been long since dispelled. The fidelity of their attachments, their discretion in selecting friends, and their motives of friendship are in every way like those of human beings. They have a sense of appreciation and gratitude quite in keeping with their social status; and among those of my acquaintance I can number many whose devotion to me is both tender and profound. Those who are brought in contact with these creatures day after day, and who study their mental and social natures, always learn by degrees to appreciate them more and more. I do not refer to the stupid human being who sees nothing but brute in the animal and nothing but fun in his actions, but this is due in a measure to the obtuseness of the observer. To him who is giddy, the world turns round.

On my first visit to the monkey house in Regent's Park, I entered the door at the end of the long building without knowing where the Capuchins were, or indeed whether there were any in the collection or not. I stood at the door and uttered the sound of the salutation in their own

tone, to which I received a prompt and distinct reply from two of them in a cage near the centre of the room, a distance of about fifty feet from me. I repeated the sound several times as I approached the cage and they continued to answer it, and three of them met me at the nearest corner of their compartment. This was the first time that I had ever seen any one of these monkeys, and we immediately became friends. On my next visit, about a week later, I was accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Wheatley, who has been deeply interested in my work for some time. This was on a Monday afternoon, and the Garden was thronged with visitors by reason of the reduced price on that day. It was not my purpose to make any experiment with either ape or monkeys, nor was it expected that I should do so. On entering the monkey house, which was as usual crowded with visitors, we slowly drifted along with the crowd until we arrived at the cage containing the little brown captives, all of which were in a box at the top of the cage and not one of them could be seen. I told the doctor that I would call the monkeys in their own language, but that I was in doubt whether I could get their attention or not in the midst of the din and babel throughout the building. However, I uttered the sound twice, whereupon the monkeys instantly made their appearance at the top of the cage, responded to the sound and immediately descended to the floor of the cage near where I was standing. The rev. gentleman expressed his surprise and delight in the most unmeasured terms, and declared that the test was absolutely fair and the results all that could have been wished. I then asked him quietly to designate some person in the crowd or the direction in which I should call the monkeys' attention, and that I should warn them of something approaching or put them on their guard. He pointed obliquely across the cage, indicating the direction from which some danger was supposed to be approaching. I uttered the sound of warning in the Capuchin tongue, looked and pointed in the direction, and instantly the monkeys obeyed the admonition and showed their readiness to attack whatever it might be. These things were done in the most quiet manner possible, because I did not wish to attract the attention of anyone in the crowd, as I never give exhibitions of the kind; and I do not believe that anyone of the multitude quite understood what was done or how it was done, but the experiment was thoroughly satisfactory to my guest and to myself. I have only visited the monkeys in this collection a few times, but I have made friends with a great many of them, whose speech I do not understand. It has not been by feeding

them, because I have never given them a morsel, and on my first visit I found my way into the hearts and confidence of three or four of them.

I have not made any definite experiments with the little Gibbon who occupies a cage adjoining the one in which Jim is kept, but I have incidentally cultivated its acquaintance and confidence. It is very shy even of its keeper, but with little difficulty I have succeeded in establishing terms of friendship with it, and now when I visit the house he always comes to the front of the cage, reaches his long black arms through the bars, and calls my attention until I go to him. He delights very much in pulling my ears, and pulling my hat off, and scratching my head. He expresses great dislike to certain people who visit the house, and I have learned in his speech a sound which is equivalent to the warning "ecgk" of the Capuchin tongue. The little fellow chatters to me very freely, but I have not had time or opportunity to interpret his speech.

That Simians have a deep sense of humour no one will deny who is familiar with their conduct and motives. I have witnessed in many instances practical jokes worthy of human beings. In a large cage in the Philadelphia Garden were kept at one time about twenty monkeys. Among them were two big, wise-looking apes, with grey beard and hair, and mien of a stoic. They have a very long, straight tail, and a habit of sitting high up from the ground and allowing this long tail to hang at full length. In the same cage were three or four brown Cebus monkeys, who devote much of their time to exercise and fun. While these big monkeys would cling to the side of the cage, or sit on a perch some ten or twelve feet from the ground, one of these 'ittle brown monkeys would stealthily creep up to him and suddenly grasp the end of the long tail and swing with all his might. Of course, the "big 'un" could not lift his tail, because of the weight of the little monkey clinging to it, nor could he reach it; the only thing that he could do was to climb down the side of the cage with his unwieldy caudal burden, until he could reach the floor. During this operation the brown monkey kept swinging until his own tail touched the floor, at which instant he would release his hold and spring for life to the top of the cage, followed by the outraged monkey amid the screams of the others. By the time he had reached a point where he could attack his little tormentor, who would show some signs of resistance and cause him to pause for a moment, another brown monkey would seize hold of the long tail and swing like a prize boy at a Sunday-school

picnic. I have watched this game for an hour at a time, and been as much amused as the little monkeys themselves. I observed that they took their turn in catching the tail with almost the same regularity as base-ball players take their turn at the bat. I do not think that the most unobservant person could have witnessed this scene for any length of time, and have entertained a doubt as to the mirth and laughter of these little acrobats while carrying on this practical joke. I cannot say whether they had previously discussed and agreed upon the plan of action, or whether it came about tacitly, but there was no room to doubt that each one thoroughly understood the part he was to play, and appreciated the annoyance it caused the big monkey and the pleasure it gave to the little ones.

From my rather extensive acquaintance among the Simian tribes, I have reason to expect good results to follow my work. I believe that I have shown to the thinking mind the possibility of learning the speech of these creatures, and have pointed out from time to time almost every faculty and characteristic of man, and shown that they possess the germ from which could have grown every human trait and accomplishment. I do not mean by this to say that man is descended from such an ancestor, nor do I mean to controvert it ; I leave that to be settled by others, and I shall abide by their verdict. But whatever may be the facts in the case, we are related so nearly by the ties of nature that our humanity may be touched by them without being contaminated ; and I always feel the deepest sympathy with them in captivity and regret that man, with his superior strength, his exalted faculties, and his sublime sense of right and wrong, cannot be made to realise the cruelty of consigning these sinless creatures to the narrow limits of a felon's cage while there are continents of space to spare them. These animals belong to a sphere of life unlike our own ; they cannot be deprived of the exercise which constitutes so great a part of their lives and pleasure without impairing their health and inflicting punishment. If they must be kept in captivity, either for the benefit of science or to gratify our whims, in the name of justice and humanity make their cages large enough for them to take their exercise and protect them from the outrages of the "small boy" of whatever size or age.

R. L. GARNER.

LIBERALISM—NEW STYLE?

THERE is a story—doubtless, an apocryphal one—about a certain Minister of the Crown who was pressed to stay in town in the autumn to complete some pressing Imperial business. "It's all very well to talk to me about the Empire," said the statesman, testily, "but my keeper writes me that the birds are getting far too wild already." In face of the precipitate stampede from the idea of an autumn Session that the new Ministry set up in the first month of its existence, are we quite sure that, even in this year of grace, the days of the sporting statesman are over—that the Liberal *vieux jeu* is ended, and the *nouveau jeu* begun? One hopes so; and yet one is doubtful. It is so hard to be a Radical—in office. Tradition, pressure, and man's inclination to sink comfortably into easy-chairs are all against it.

Now let me turn to the other side of the picture. The new Government is not Radical enough—*entendu*. Socially it is about two-thirds upper and one-third middle-class, though one doubts whether the precise type of middle-class man that Mr. Henry Fowler represents will add any popular strength to the new combination. But, then, is it not more democratic than any of its predecessors? I think it is, and that it is democratic, too, in a sense which represents a more hopeful approach to the social problem than any Liberal Government—and practically Liberal Governments in England only began in 1868, with the final triumph of Gladstonian Liberalism over Palmerstonian Whiggery—ever made before. Take the one point of the number of peers in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1892 as compared with the Cabinets of 1880 and 1868. In the Cabinet of 1892 there are five peers, one of them most improperly attached to a great spending department, the Admiralty. But in the Cabinets of 1868 and 1880 there were not only more peers, but they more distinctly guided the Cabinet than do the titled members of Mr. Gladstone's fourth Administration.

Nor is this the only feature of improvement in the latest, as compared

with the earlier Gladstonian Governments. Let us look back a little. The Radicalism of fifteen or twenty years ago represented, in addition to a genuine enthusiasm for political reform, chiefly a more stringent administrative conscience than the Whigs possessed, and a rather pettifogging notion of curtailing the Royal expenditure. When, therefore, Mr. Gladstone was forced, very much against his will, to go outside the circle of personal friends, and sons of friends, and of the little Oxford-bred school from which he drew so many men of distinction, he had to seek the support of men like Mr. Courtney, Mr. Fawcett, Sir Charles Dilke, and Mr. Chamberlain. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, who had been thrown from a variety of causes into a loose association with very vague collectivist tendencies, all these men necessarily represented the individualism which was the prevailing Radical note. As he grew older, Mr. Fawcett developed more and more into a hard and fast anti-Socialist; Mr. Courtney was, and is, little better; and even Sir Charles Dilke, who has of late years completely thrown over his early individualism, favoured in those days, more especially on the Poor Law question, the now out-of-date revolt from the very unscientific Tory Socialism of a much earlier period. As for Mr. Chamberlain, he was, in 1880, remarkable chiefly for the fact that he was outside the social ring which ruled politics in the Gladstonian as well as the Tory interest; that he was a new man belonging to the age of the machine, the caucus, and the provincial school of Liberalism; and that he had behind him the immense public spirit that comes from a successful experiment in municipal Socialism.

What happened as the result of this rather sterile combination? Nothing; or rather, worse than nothing. The stirabout of aristocratic Whig and middle-class and mostly *laissez-faire* Radicalism mixed no more than oil and water. Mr. Chamberlain irritated his new companions and was irritated by them; Sir Charles Dilke was mainly occupied with foreign affairs and with administrative work; Mr. Courtney resigned office on a fad concerning our system of representation; while curiously enough, Mr. Fawcett, the individualist, did some useful work in extending the function of the State in the control of our postal business. So far, however, from setting any mark of a Radical kind on the history of its time, the Government of 1880 was an unusually barren one. Something was hoped from Mr. Gladstone's short resumption of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Nothing, however, came of it, and the office which of all others affords the largest opportunity to the

reformer became absolutely sterile. The memory of Mr. Gladstone's great schemes of reconstruction faded in the presence of Budget after Budget utterly peddling both in conception and details. Mr. Goschen's earlier pronouncements in favour of the reconstruction of our land taxation and of our urban rating came to nothing. Mr. Gladstone himself failed to instruct his Chancellor to complete the relief of industry at the expense of land and capital which his own great Budgets of 1853 to 1865 foreshadowed. There was no attempt to deal with the whole problem of taxation, and Liberal finance settled down into a petty calculation of surplus and deficit on the highly artificial balance of a system avowedly and obviously incomplete and unscientific. London was left undowered with the powers of a small borough; the City, in spite of the drastic findings of a Royal Commission, was shorn of none of its privileges; free education was rigidly barred; the taxation of the unearned increment was scrupulously avoided; even Mr. Gladstone's rather small scheme for the equalisation of the death duties dropped still-born. In a word, the measure of Liberal achievement which Mr. Gladstone's earlier finance had greatly raised was lowered to a degree which all but destroyed the future of the party.

Happily, a six years' exclusion from office, and an experience of Tory Democracy at work, brought the Liberal party to its senses. I do not under-estimate the importance and pressing character of the Irish problem. It must be dealt with, and though the dealing with it may wreck the Government of 1892 as it wrecked that of 1886, it is far better to deal with it generously than by patchwork. But since 1886 the real movement of education in the Liberal party has not been directed to the Irish question. The rough and ready revolutionary work of the Social Democratic Federation, the more recent application by the Fabian Society of collectivism to English political methods and economics, and the discovery that Mr. Gladstone was at an age when he could not hope to do any more fresh thinking for Liberalism, all tended to bring about the desire for a new Radical synthesis. At first there were very few signs that the Liberal headquarters were in the least degree sensitive to change. The programme laid down by the National Liberal Federation at Nottingham was quite as poor and uninspired as had been the record of the Government of 1880. The hungry sheep looked up, and were fed with Scotch Disestablishment and the abolition of primogeniture and entail. The programme-makers proceeded mainly on the lines that what the people chiefly wanted was a series of unim-

portant and undramatic changes in the representative system, coupled with the usual concessions to political Dissent. The only real approach to a discovery was the later adoption of Mr. Chamberlain's unauthorised programme long after Mr. Chamberlain had ceased to be an effective member of the party, and when, for the truth must be told, it was clear that it was either Radicalism or—wreck. However, the process of stealing Mr. Chamberlain's wares was useful, for it taught the young Liberal that he must seek his meat himself, and not from his leaders.

The defects of the new Liberal position were still more apparent when the Government proceeded, under Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion, to inaugurate a six years' reign of Tory Democracy. Mr. Matthews took over the Mines Regulation Act; Mr. Chamberlain, stimulated by Dr. Hunter's successful strategy in regard to Scottish Education, brought off a fairly workable Free Education Bill. A showy, if inefficent, Small Holdings Bill was reserved for the later years of Parliament, just as Mr. Ritchie's limited, but fairly practical Local Government Bill gave tone and character to the earlier record of the Government. Mr. Matthews' Factory Act reduced all the recommendations of the Lords' Committee on Sweating to a minimum, but, thanks to Sir Henry James, the Lancashire operatives were fairly satisfied. As for Mr. Goschen's Budgets they varied curiously between thoroughly unsound and almost progressive finance. Without doing anything dramatic, the Chancellor contrived to convey a certain plausible suggestion of democracy by cutting down the food taxes and by slightly graduating against the rich man the house and the death duties. Nothing, however, was changed in the main incidence of taxation, and, luckily for the Liberals, the administrative work of the chief departments was almost uniformly harsh. This gave them an opportunity which they have in a measure used. A good few Liberal members were swept in with the flush of the new Trade Union movement, and the attempt of the employers to suppress it by stretching the conspiracy laws was on the whole resisted by the leaders, as well as by the Radicals. Meanwhile the programme, carelessly *viséd* by Mr. Gladstone, advanced. The taxation of ground values, the revision of urban rents, the establishment of district and parish councils, the payment of election expenses, and, finally, the vaguely-named "principle" of payment of members, were in turn incorporated.

The outside programme grew more rapidly still. Graduation of the Income-tax and some concession on the question of a legal eight hours

day were generally added. In London, at the last election, all the Liberal candidates but three—Mr. Howell, Mr. James Stuart, and Mr. Terrell—were in favour of an eight hours day, either for special trades, such as miners, or on "trade option" lines. The vague Federation pledge on the principle of the payment of members was expanded into a promise to vote for the payment of all members of the House of Commons. Even this did not represent much more than the mean electoral programme, and a good many candidates went a great deal further. The speeches and addresses of men like Mr. Foulger, Mr. Frank Smith, Mr. William Saunders, Mr. Murray Macdonald, and, indeed, of most of the East End candidates, were hardly distinguishable from pure Socialism.

The situation thus created was by no means a simple one. Mr. Gladstone himself had taken little part in the process either of forming or of consolidating opinon on the topics to which I have referred. His position, indeed, was eminently unfavourable for such a part. Men had come to consider him rather as the Nestor of Liberalism than as its Achilles. Yet it is as Achilles—*impiger, iracundus, acer*—that we must for the next year or so regard Mr. Gladstone. And there is the difficulty. Mr. Gladstone is not personally an advanced Liberal at all. The statesman who in 1844 was willing to nationalise our railways was in 1885 the bitter opponent of Socialist tendencies among certain younger members of the Liberal party. "I am nothing," he said on one occasion, "if not a commercial statesman." But then his statesmanship was that of Turgot and Cobden—the policy of giving play to the new capitalist *régime*. Moreover, Mr. Gladstone has one characteristic fault—as a leader he does not inspire his colleagues, but rather dwarfs them. His commanding temper was never favourable to the free play of talent inside his Governments, and Mr. Chamberlain's outspoken dislike of his old leader was probably due not a little to the fact that, with all his ambition and energy, he was able to leave absolutely no mark on the second Gladstone Administration.

These qualities of Mr. Gladstone go with the social prejudices of a gentleman of the old school, an Oxford man seeing life through the contracted medium of the schools and the country house, the older kind of scholarship and intellectual tradition. Never a man of the world in the meaner sense, Mr. Gladstone is also lacking in the better worldly qualities of predecessors like Palmerston and Beaconsfield. He sees men "as trees walking" rather than with the coldly impartial insight

and shrewd adaptive sense of the student of life. A loyal, perhaps a too loyal, friend, Mr. Gladstone best understands people who have been hewn out of the same rock as himself. He never "took to" Mr. Chamberlain, the true type of the modern machine politician, just as he has of late felt the difficulty of "taking to" Mr. Labouchere. For years he was content with Mr. Childers in the Chancellorship, and for years he has imperturbably moved the heads of famous Whig families backwards and forwards between the great governing departments of the State. Probably nothing has surprised him more than the strength of the demand that his new Government should not be an exclusively "old gang" administration. What fault was there to find with Lord Kimberley or Mr. Mundella? Clearly none from the orthodox Gladstonian point of view. They were quite good enough for 1880; they will not do for 1892 simply because politics, and not they, have changed. In the social controversy of the last six years, in the revival of municipal Socialism, and the growth of the trade unionist movement, they have taken no part. Only two of them, Lord Rosebery and Lord Ripon, have had any vital association with the popular governing bodies which Mr. Ritchie's Act called into existence. Practically, they have only appeared on the full-dress occasions which nowadays play absolutely no part in the genuine development of politics. In a word, they are mostly worthy men, but of the *vieux—très vieux—jeu*.

On the other hand, it cannot be said that no kind of prospecting has been done in the unknown land of democracy towards which we are unconsciously steering. Men like Dr. Hunter, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Walter Foster, Mr. Acland, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Channing, Mr. Cobb, and Mr. Asquith have all been keeping themselves more or less in touch with the trend of things. Mr. Acland has been a member of the Central Co-operative Board, a president of Co-operative Congresses, the heart and soul of the movement for technical education. Mr. Sydney Buxton knows the *personnel* and the leading impulses of latter-day Trades Unionism; he has helped to direct the greatest of modern strikes, and in conjunction with Mr. Sidney Webb he has drafted the only Factory Act that bears comparison with Lord Shaftesbury's legislation.

Out of these individual efforts it came about that a small group, consisting of Mr. Buxton, Mr. Acland, Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Mr. R. T. Reid, was formed, and made an intelligent and on the whole practical study of the way in which the old Radical individualism

was giving place to collectivist ideas. Dr. Hunter prepared a series of deeply interesting memoranda on the whole question of local taxation, became the one Parliamentary master of the system of railway rates, and helped Mr. Chamberlain in his first essays towards a plan of State insurance, which, as Mr. Hunter now confesses, should have been instead a plan for old age pensions. The new group never had any very great Parliamentary influence, though it was able to show its hand decisively in the manœuvre by which it secured the defeat of the one exclusively individualist item now left on the Gladstonian official programme, viz., leasehold enfranchisement. None of these things, however, came directly before Mr. Gladstone's eyes, bent with all his old intensity on the one problem of Irish Government. What, therefore, was he to do when, as Prime Minister, he had to consider the best means of giving effect to both his own Irish policy and a large measure of constructive Social Radicalism? On the whole, he did both well and ill. It is understood that he had as chief councillor in the formation of his Government Mr. John Morley, who, in spite of his false step on the eight hours question, had more or less taken the collectivist group under his wing, and saw to it that it was adequately represented both inside and outside the Cabinet. It is a curious sign of the incompleteness of modern Liberal thinking that the appointments of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Acland two of the best men in the Cabinet, should both be unpopular. They, nevertheless, represent a striking advance. Mr. Asquith has rather loosely been called the orator of the new Liberalism, but this he is not. He wants human interest, pathos, the deep vibrant note of the man who speaks direct to men's hearts. But still Mr. Asquith is a very noteworthy man. As a politician he is largely of the Chamberlain type and may indeed be regarded as filling Mr. Chamberlain's place in the new formation which the cleavage of 1886 made possible. He has courage, excellent judgment, some knowledge, and an almost superlative instinct for it. Mr. Acland's appointment, moreover, is absolutely unexceptionable. He is simply the right man in the right place. Give him time enough and he will largely revolutionise our educational policy. Unfortunately Mr. Morley's work ended with the mere presentment of a few promising names to his chief, and so we have had a certain recurrence of the bad plan of rewarding an active politician with a post which leaves his old experience out of account. Thus Mr. Buxton has gone to the Colonies, and Sir Edward Grey to the Foreign Office.

The good things are again balanced by bad ones. Dr. Hunter, by

far the ablest Parliamentary Radical in the House, is left out, a blunder ranking almost as a crime. The Minister of Agriculture is left out of the Cabinet, and the heads of two departments, not of the first-class, the First Commissioner of Works and the Postmaster-General, are left in. No Ministry of Labour has been created, and we still have a rudimentary and absurdly insufficient statistical department tacked on to a corner of the Board of Trade. The great spending departments are left in the hands either of patricians or of wealthy men of the old Liberal stamp, who would never dream of reviving Lord Randolph Churchill's crusade for the democratisation of the services. In spite of the Queen's strong desire to abolish the Mastership of the Buckhounds, Mr. Gladstone has not taken this step, and his waiving of Mr. Labouchere, after the vaguest reference to the Queen—if such a reference ever took place—is a definite sign that the old Court wing of modern Governments is to remain undisturbed. Even the new young men are so bound to Mr. Gladstone by family ties and traditions that they will find it difficult to stand up against their chief with the determination which Mr. Chamberlain showed, without avail, against the omnipotent Premier of 1880. Indeed, though it seems a hard thing to say, the principal hope of the new Government will be the large disappearance of the Gladstonian tradition. It is the Radicals below the gangway, watched by so strong and representative a labour leader as John Burns, who will really decide the question of the popularity of the Administration. Half the members of it carry no intellectual weight whatever; some of them, like Mr. Arnold Morley, are assigned places to which they are unsuited and in which their administrative rule and their treatment of the great swarming class of poorly-paid civil servants who are all, more or less, under the uncovenanted mercies of the State, is not likely to better the record of their predecessors. Administratively, the Government is undeniably weak. Even its best members—and some are very good—are not strong with the people. It contains no member of the working classes who possesses anything like a following among his fellows. Mr. Burt is greatly and justly respected but he will probably himself admit that he is hardly in the labour movement—the movement that really *goes*—at all. A still greater defect is the absence of a representative of the eight hour miners, though the miners have practically added a new party to the House, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Woods, Mr. Pickard and Sir Charles Dilke having all come to Parliament as special backers of an Eight Hours Bill. The claims of the dockyards and Arsenal

workers will also be represented with especial strength on the Radical side, though not in the Government, while more than one member of the last Parliament made himself the mouthpiece of sections of discontented workers, postmen and policemen, dockers and railway servants, seamen and sorters.

It is already clear that a process of perfectly critical inspection will be set up in regard to the Government's measures, as well as to its men. On Home Rule there will properly be a concentration of strength, a concentration, however, which will certainly avail little, unless Mr. Michael Davitt is able to inspire his party with the idea, necessarily somewhat foreign to Irish Nationalists, that Home Rule, after all, is only part of a large instinctive movement of Democracy, English as well as Irish. But let the concentration be what it may, the difficulty of passing Home Rule, especially with the Ulster obstacle, is immense, and we had better, therefore, fix our hopes on English measures which are invariable incidents of a Session, and must go through, Home Rule or no Home Rule. The first of these is naturally the Budget. General gossip points to the probability of Sir William Harcourt proposing to equalise the death duties on real and personal property. If this had been done as it ought to have been done by the Gladstone Government of 1880, it would have involved a considerable change. As things stand, however, Mr. Goschen's new estate duties on properties of £10,000 and upwards, and his increased succession duty on real property, while they have not abolished the large anomalies of this tax, have invariably lightened them. Probably a mere reform of the succession duty, basing it on the full value of realty rather than on its life interest, would raise half a million of money. But this is a *bagatelle* in the hands of a reforming Chancellor. What Sir William wants is, say, four millions, or even the seven and a-half millions he could get from doubling the death duties. The only way in which a Radical Chancellor could hope to make a *coup* would be by following up the suggestion of the Committee on Town Holdings in regard to a municipal death duty, and by replacing the present group of duties by a single graduated tax largely increased, and proceeding by successive abatements to take considerable snips out of the really great bequests. Mr. Goschen's rearrangement of the Inhabited House Duty has already shown that a Tory Democracy is not at all averse from the principle of graduation to which Mr. Gladstone, I believe, still entertains a rooted objection in the case of the Income-tax. But what would be easier than to raise the present Income-tax say to 1s.

in the £1, and to exempt all incomes under £300 a year? Nor must Sir William Harcourt imagine for one moment that anything less than the substitution for the present complex scale of Probate, Legacy, Succession, and Estate Duties of a single tax, equally applicable to real and personal property, and rising in an ascending scale with the value of the estate, would really touch the imaginations of the people.

Or turn again to the other side of the shield—the taxes which Sir William will have to relieve, if he is to do anything more than satisfy the fiscal conscience of a few dozen experts. Indirect taxation to-day, almost as much as in the days of Melbourne and Peel, constitutes the broad basis of our fiscal system. It would be too much to ask that even a Liberal Chancellor, pledged to the free breakfast-table, should at the same time do away with the huge schedule of taxes on small traders into which even Mr. Goschen made one or two incursions. But he might very well apply the four millions he may get from a revised scale of death duties to abolishing the taxes on tea, coffee, chocolate, and cocoa. The time has long ago gone by when "twopence off tea" can be held up as a sensational fiscal achievement.

In a word, the vital aim of a democratic Chancellor is to relieve labour at the expense of property, not a mere striking of a petty balance of our present public burdens. This is practically what Mr. Gladstone did in his great Budgets—Budgets which, according to Greville, made the whole political world turn to him as "the great man of the age." Mr. Goschen did everything that a small vote-catching ingenuity could do, and there is, therefore, only room for a larger and freer statesmanship. Moreover, money will be wanted. Mr. Acland will probably be calling for an extension of technical education and for the beginnings of a system of secondary education. It is doubtful whether the profits of the Post Office can be kept up at the cost of the sweating of the poorer workers. The poverty of the London County Council, too, is a problem of the deepest import to those who are bent on seeing its popularity continue and grow with the increasing complexity of its social duties. But let things go as they may, the work of the coming Government must be set in the light of its election pledges. When a politician of the rank of Sir Charles Russell goes out of his way to place the graduation of the Income-tax in his election address, and to explain the incidence of the new measure in a series of special utterances, it is quite time to begin the work of enlarging the whole area of Liberal action. If the views of the Government are strongly set in this direction, it may

accomplish a good deal which otherwise mere officialism and the dead weight of Whig tradition will do their best to prevent.

One more unrivalled chance presents itself in association with the Budget. Nothing was more difficult than to bring the National Liberal Federation into line on the question of payment of members. To the last it refused to do more than assent to the mere principle, influenced, it is believed, by Mr. Gladstone's opinion that an all-round system of payment was impossible, and that the proper plan was a thoroughly vicious differentiation between the well-to-do and the poorer representatives of the people. But all this has been superseded by the plain necessity of the situation. Irish Nationalism is no longer able to count on a large and continuous flow of contributions to its Parliamentary fund. It is as strong as ever in numbers, but its financial position is considerably weakened. The fact, therefore, that Parliament now contains about fifty members, English, Irish, and Scotch, who are not rich enough to keep themselves, breaks down the old theory of the rich man's Parliament, and makes a general measure comparatively easy of application. There is another consideration which comes home still closer to the Liberal party. It is in precisely the same state of transition as occurred to the Home Rulers when Mr. Parnell's star began to rise on the horizon and Mr. Butt's to set. During the last election many able Radicals were kept out of the field by sheer poverty. The funds of the National Liberal Federation are fed by a decreasing number of rich men, who cannot be expected to go on paying the piper when they are no longer able to call the tune. Supposing the new Administration goes to pieces in a year or so hence? Will the party be in a position to stand the enormous drain of a second General Election? I doubt it. Payment of members, therefore, becomes a defensive measure of the first urgency; it implies, indeed, the building up of a new commissariat before the starting on a fresh campaign.

I suggest, therefore, that the Government should start by giving us (1) a new scale of death duties, (2) a free breakfast table, (3) payment of members; and I suggest it because I see that the measure of the new Government's necessities will have to be the measure of its method and programme. Suppose that an election occurs in the first Session, we shall have done something and may be hopeful. Suppose that the ship weathers the storm a little longer, the chances of the Government will be still more hopeful. I assume that it will be able to pass Home Rule—so as by fire—in the first two Sessions and that the Bill will be thrown

out by the Lords. It will be sent up to them, after Sir Charles Russell's plan, again, and this will give the Government time to accomplish a certain part of its English programme. But it is admittedly weak in Parliamentary authority, and it has disappointed too many active partisans to be over popular with its Radical wing. Its only chance, therefore, lies in the checking of caves by persistently giving the lead to Social Radicalism. Nor is it necessary to reckon for English purposes on the absolute loss of the whole body of Unionists. If the Unionists oppose registration reform, Radical Budgets, payment of members, parish councils, taxation of land values—the "three F's" for English agriculturists, for this, be it remembered, was the true mandate of the Rural Labourers' Conference in the Memorial Hall—they will lapse into sheer Toryism and will be heard of no more. But against this tendency Mr. Chamberlain himself is bound to fight. Excepting his attitude on the Eight Hours question, he is not really in the running with latter-day Radicalism. Nearly all his proposals on working-class insurance, on employers' liability, on allotments, are after all out-of-date applications of the individualist theories against which his earlier public life was largely a protest. Unless, therefore, he has deliberately marked out for himself a career of medium Conservatism, he is bound to show that on English questions he can go as well as, if not one better than, Mr. Gladstone. Here, then, is the riddle which the Old Parliamentary Hand ought to be the first to read. If he is no longer in the position of absolute intellectual authority which he owned six or seven years ago, he is still an engineer of great resource and unsurpassed courage, and his hand is still on the lever of the "instrument of progress." He can set it going at express speed, or he can reduce it to the jog-trot which Tory Democracy has in six years easily out-paced.

H. W. MASSINGHAM.

THE DEGENERATION OF HUMAN TEETH; ITS CAUSE AND ITS CURE.

A COMPARATIVE examination of the skulls of savage and civilised races shows that the increased brain development of the latter is always accompanied by a marked modification in the form and size of the jaws and teeth. This modification is usually spoken of as a degenerate condition. While it is quite true that decay of the teeth is much more prevalent among highly civilised than among savage peoples, it is open to question whether it be an inevitable concomitant condition. I incline to the opinion that it is possible to conduct the progress of the evolution of races along such lines that the undesirable effects of any particular artificial condition of life may be so modified or balanced by other artificial conditions as to maintain that state of physical equilibrium which we call health. The Greeks had, apparently, nearly solved this problem at the height of their civilisation, for it is not until the commencement of the period of their decadence that we find any marked decay of their teeth. In truth, it seems evident that the highest condition of brain evolution can only be reached by the maintenance of the most perfect balance in the development of man's physical system as a whole. The modern degeneracy of the teeth, therefore, is not to be regarded as directly due to modifications produced by changes in the contour of the face and skull consequent on increased brain development, as some scientific men have contended, but rather as the result of neglect to properly conserve the nervous energies necessary for maintaining that balance of physique upon which health or *wholeness* is primarily dependent.

A high state of civilisation always offers great opportunities for a prodigal waste of life energy, but such waste is not an essential condition of civilisation. On the contrary, every advance in the enlightenment of a nation makes possible a more economical use of its powers. The degenerate state of a people must spring from one or more of three

causes—the failure to maintain its supply of food material, reckless waste of energy in the various pleasurable indulgences of life, or that loss of power which inevitably results from the simple disuse of the organism. The decline of savage races usually springs from the first-mentioned cause, and that of civilised peoples from the last two.

A weakened or diseased condition of any part of the human organism, excepting, of course, such as is produced by mechanical injuries, is always a local expression of a greater or less general decline of systemic vitality. That there has been a steady and rapid deterioration in the quality of human teeth among nearly all the great civilised nations of the earth during the past century, a deterioration especially marked during the past thirty or forty years, no one can deny. Are we, then, to consider this degeneracy of the teeth as a local indication of a general decline of racial vitality? I can see no possibility of avoiding an affirmative answer to such a question, but there are, at at the same time, as we shall see, certain peculiar circumstances and conditions attending decay of the teeth which largely qualify such an affirmative answer. The problem, however, is very grave and demands the most serious consideration. We are always prone to overlook the importance of any disease which does not immediately threaten to extinguish life; but it would not, I believe, be difficult to show that the sum of physical evils which may be directly traced to decay and loss of the teeth is far greater than any likely to be inflicted by the advent of any contagious or infectious disease. On first thought this may seem a bold statement, but the simple truth is that the foundations are laid and the way prepared for the incoming of many diseases, both contagious and non-contagious, by a degenerate condition of the teeth. A high state of vitality is the most perfect protection against any form of disease, and this can only be secured and maintained by perfect nutrition. Perfect nutrition results from perfect digestion of food materials, and perfect digestion is an impossibility without perfect mastication.* The life of the whole body is poisoned at its fountain springs when food, half masticated, inadequately moistened with saliva, and loaded with the micro-organisms which proliferate in the cavities of decaying teeth, is taken into the stomach. If nature's adaptive powers were not wonderful almost beyond belief, thousands of people would

* Mr. Gladstone has stated, I understand, that his wonderful health and vigour in old age is due more to perfect mastication of food than to any other advantage or condition. I have not the slightest doubt that such is the case.

speedily die from this sort of self-poisoning; as it is, the beginnings of many persistent chronic diseases are established in this way. I am probably considerably within the bounds of my statement when I say that the loss of the masticating teeth before the thirtieth year means a shortening of the life of the individual of from two to five years. To know the extent to which many of these teeth are lost, even before the fifteenth year, one has only to turn to the recently published reports of the examination of the teeth of children in the schools and orphan homes of London and elsewhere. If some effective measures are not adopted for combating the ravages of dental decay, it looks very much as though another half century would find the poorer classes of English people practically edentulous before the twentieth year. Is it not time, then, that serious and vigorous words of warning were spoken?

It is, of course, not to be expected that radical changes in habits of life can be effected by any amount of preaching or teaching. The intense competition of modern life, with its consequent rapid exhaustion of the nervous energies, will probably be extended far into the future. Degenerative tendencies will continue to accumulate as the result of a disregard of the laws of heredity, and the bravest humanitarian efforts will not succeed in reaching the root of the difficulty for many a generation to come.

But notwithstanding these rather gloomy aspects of the question from the racial standpoint, very much can be done for the individual, especially if the great importance of beginning the battle early with children can be brought home to the parental mind. Parents should remember that a good set of thirty-two natural teeth is a far more valuable capital for a young man to begin life with than a respectable bank account. They should also remember that not only the health, but the chances of marriage of their daughters, is dependent to no small extent upon good teeth. I once heard the celebrated Henry Ward Beecher say from his pulpit that God had intended every woman to be beautiful, and it was her duty to assist in carrying out this design in every legitimate and healthy way. Is it not true that a beautiful set of teeth holds our admiring attention more than any other feature? A beautiful face is no longer beautiful when the teeth are lost or become ugly from decay, and a perfect set of teeth often redeems an otherwise plain face.

From whatever point of view we consider the question, there can be

but one opinion concerning the value of good teeth and the desirability of any suggestions which may be given for their preservation.

With a view to a thorough understanding of the *rationale* of the prophylactic and hygienic advice which I may have to offer, let us briefly examine the anatomical and chemical peculiarities of the teeth, their method of formation, and the specific causes which lead to their decay. A human tooth is usually described as consisting of four distinct parts or tissues; the *enamel*, which covers the crown or exposed part of the tooth; the *dentine*, lying immediately beneath the enamel and constituting a large part of the bulk of the tooth; the *cementum*, which covers the roots of the tooth much as the enamel covers the crown; and the *pulp*, erroneously called the nerve, which occupies the central cavity of the tooth and sends minute, thread-like branches out through each of the roots or fangs into the jaw. The enamel and dentine, while widely differing in their *structural* peculiarities, closely resemble each other in their mineral constitution, the only marked difference being that the enamel contains, approximately, 96½ per cent. of mineral matter to 3½ per cent. of animal matter, while the relative proportion of these substances in dentine is as 72 to 28. The mineral or inorganic part in both consists almost entirely of phosphate and fluoride of calcium and phosphate of magnesium. This fact, as we shall see, is probably intimately related to one of the predisposing causes of decay. Another fact of the utmost importance with reference to the future integrity of the tooth is to be found in the unique method in which its enamel covering is formed, or, rather, the phenomenon which occurs immediately such formation is completed. The so-called "enamel organ" is, at the commencement of the formation of a tooth, a minute, cap-shaped arrangement of cells which have their origin in the mucous membrane covering the jaws and lining the cavity of the mouth. The organs from which the dentine and cementum are formed arise from a totally different source. The enamel organ first appears, and when it has reached a certain stage of evolution, the dentine pulp begins to be formed immediately beneath or above it, accordingly as the tooth is in the lower or upper jaw.

The process of calcification or hardening of a tooth begins at the line of union of the dentine with the enamel. This process consists of the building up of the tooth from the deposit of the salts of lime and magnesium mentioned above. The formation of dentine proceeds from the line of union inward, while the calcification of the enamel proceeds outward and is completed by the hardening of the surface layers. With

the completion of these surface layers every trace of the cells which have been directly concerned in the formation of enamel disappear. This is the unique phenomenon to which I have referred. With every other tissue in the body the formative cells remain as the primary structural elements which select the proper nutritive material from the blood for the continued nourishment of that tissue. No tissue in the body can be nourished except through its own peculiar cell formation. But the enamel, once its formation is completed, has no such cell connection with any source of nutritive supply. The little cells from which the dentine of the tooth is formed remain on the surface of the pulp in the interior of the tooth. The dentine can in this way be nourished, although the nutritive changes occurring in such a hard tissue must be extremely slow. But these dentine-forming cells have no power of forming enamel, or elaborating any substance for its nutrition. The inevitable conclusion, therefore, is that no nutritive change can occur in enamel after it is once formed. I so frequently hear from patients that they have been advised to use special forms of food with a view to changing and improving the quality of enamel, that I am forced to believe there are many dentists and medical men who are unaware of the facts above mentioned and of their very great significance with reference to the preservation of the teeth. Let us keep the point in view for a few moments, until its full meaning is clearly seen. The continued integrity of the teeth depends almost wholly upon their enamel covering. When this enamel is of fine quality it will preserve the teeth for life, even although the individual health become seriously impaired in other ways. On the other hand, if the enamel is of poor quality, and is once penetrated by the processes of decay, no nutritive regeneration which can be effected in the dentine will enable us to prevent the ultimate loss of the tooth. We see, then, that it is a matter of vital importance that all of our efforts for the improvement of the teeth should be directed to that period during which the enamel is in process of formation, for once formed it undergoes no nutritive or structural change.

The causes of decay of the teeth are twofold—predisposing and active, the former being far more important than the latter, inasmuch as the active or immediate causes of disintegration would have hardly more than a potential significance in a perfectly healthy mouth. The predisposing causes cover a field far too broad for exhaustive consideration within the limits at my command in this article. They involve all

that is pernicious in the artificial condition of modern civilisation, all transgressions of natural laws, and the hereditary consequences of such transgression. The effects of these malign influences may be summed up in the brief expression—*imperfect nutrition*, especially during the period of the formation of the enamel. When the nutrition of the teeth is suddenly arrested, or violently disturbed, as it is by many infantile diseases, such as scarlatina, measles, chicken-pox, convulsions, and rachitis, the effects are often so marked as to be plain to the most casual observer. They are shown by lines of indentations, or pits, extending across the surfaces of the teeth. Sometimes the half of the tooth next the gum will be quite perfect, while the lower half will be rough, pitted, jagged, and frequently entirely denuded of enamel in spots, showing that the teeth were half formed before these violent disturbances of nutrition occurred. But these obvious external aberrations of formation are of much less frequent occurrence than a kind of defectiveness of the interior structure of the enamel which the microscope alone reveals. A tooth which to an untrained observer, or to the unaided eye of an expert, appears perfect in form and structure will often be found, when examined in section under the microscope, to be exceedingly defective. These faults of structure, whatever their character, are always much more serious when they occur on or near the surface of the enamel, for surface faults at once invite attack from those active causes of decay which are always present in the mouth. There are probably also important defects of structure, or molecular relationship, which the microscope does not reveal.

We have seen that defects in tooth structure arise from impoverished or perverted nutrition. I have already called attention to an antecedent in this connection, to which, in my judgment, we are to look more than to any other for the cause of the present degenerated state of human teeth. I believe that when all modifying conditions and circumstances are taken into account we shall always find the poorest tooth structure where the greatest demands are made upon the nervous energies. I am speaking now, of course, from the racial standpoint. No people in the world expend so much nervous energy as the Americans. Nowhere are nervous diseases so prevalent, and nowhere is there so marked a degeneration of the teeth. But this view of the predisposing causes of decay is not based merely upon the world-wide coincident conditions which we observe among all civilised peoples. It rests upon certain chemical, embryological, and physiological relationships between the

teeth and nervous system. In studying the physiological chemistry of the brain, we find a certain group of principles or elements known as the phosphorised bodies, or *phosphatides*, as one eminent authority calls them, supposed to be especially concerned in all mental activity. Chemical analysis shows us that these principles have, as their inorganic bases, lime, magnesium, and phosphorus. Now, we have seen that more than 95 per cent. of enamel is composed of these same chemical substances in union with a small quantity of fluorine. The connection, therefore, between over-stimulation of brain function and impoverished nutrition of the teeth would seem to be immediate and direct.*

But this is not all. The relationship between the teeth and nervous system has its origin in the embryological evolution of the individual tissues of the body. We have seen that the teeth are developed from the dermal and epithelial layers of the skin or mucous membrane lining the mouth. The epithelial tissues are evolved from the embryonic tissue known as the epiblast, and from this also springs the brain and other parts of the nervous system. Thus, from the very commencement of the individual life, if the intellectual or emotional nature of the mother be over-stimulated, forces are at work which make it inevitable that a child will be born with an excitable nervous system and teeth of poor quality. These effects are worked out in a two-fold manner. If an abnormal demand is made upon the life energies of the mother in one part of her system some other part must necessarily be robbed. The nutritive materials which she should supply for the building up of sound dental tissues for the future child are diverted from their proper destination and consumed in her own nervous system. Not only does this waste of nervous energy on the part of the mother produce the immediate effects described, but it also imparts a bias to the physical constitution of her child, which tends to perpetuate the abnormal condition. What may have been only an acquired habit with the mother becomes an hereditary state with the child. It is born with a nervous system, easily excited to emotional activity; the conditions of modern

* These facts should not be interpreted as in any way related to that German materialistic theory, based upon the absurd statement "Ohne Phosphor, Kein Gedanke," which became so popular a few years ago. As Professor James has pointed out in his *Principles of Psychology*, it would be equally true to say "Ohne Wasser Kein Gedanke." The coincidence of chemical changes in the brain with states of consciousness is one thing; the attempt to explain these states of consciousness in the terms of chemistry is a very different thing. The possibility of relationship in the facts which I have mentioned above lies wholly within the proper domain of physiological chemistry.

life largely tend to foster the inherited weakness, and in a few generations it becomes fixed or constitutional.

Degeneracy in the structure of the teeth is only one of the conditions inimical to their preservation which nervous excesses produce. Environment is even more important than inherent weakness of structure as a factor in the problem of decay. Teeth of decidedly poor quality would always remain sound in a perfectly healthy mouth. In this fact lies all hope of saving teeth by hygienic measures, as we shall see when we come to the consideration of that matter. Every function of the body is, of course, immediately under the control of the nervous system. Nervous excitement of any kind immediately affects both the quantity and quality of the digestive fluids, including the saliva. The bite of any animal, for instance, inflicted when the brute has been worried into a state of intense anger, is much more likely to prove poisonous than if given when its nervous system is in a more normal state. Some change is wrought in the saliva which favours the rapid development of poisonous micro-organisms. We do not know the exact nature of the change effected in the quality of human saliva by abnormal nerve action, but we do know that the saliva thus changed becomes favourable to the rapid development of several forms of bacteria, which are the active or immediate causes of decay of the teeth. On the other hand, normal saliva undoubtedly possesses antiseptic properties, and from observation of its action in this respect probably arose the saying that "the lick of the dog cures its bite."

It is now about twenty-five years since Leber and Rottenstein published the results of the first real scientific investigation into the part which bacteria play in the production of dental caries. The results of observations by other workers in this field were from time to time announced, but it was reserved for Dr. Willoughby D. Miller, an American dentist practising in Berlin, to show the specific action on the teeth of the various fungi which inhabit the human mouth. Since the ancient days when Jeremiah observed that "Every man that eateth the sour grape his teeth shall be set on edge" it has been known that acids were injurious to these organs. But the phenomena observed when a tooth was kept for weeks in an acid were so markedly different from those which we see in ordinary dental decay as to be quite insufficient to account for the disease. It is unnecessary for the purposes of this paper to go into the details of Dr. Miller's scientific studies and experiments, by which he demonstrated beyond all question of doubt that the active cause of decay of the teeth is to be found in the acid-producing

fungi which develop in the mouth. Many different kinds of acid producing bacteria inhabiting the mouth have been discovered by Dr. Miller. Of these he found that a certain form, which thrives upon the particles of saccharine and starchy food which accumulate about the teeth, and which excrete lactic acid as the result of the decomposition of these food substances, was the most injurious. It had long been observed that saccharine substances seemed to promote rapid decay of the teeth, but when extracted teeth were placed in a solution of sugar they remained unaffected. The explanation, as we now know, is that the sugar is decomposed in the mouth by the action of bacteria and converted into acetic and lactic acids which rapidly corrode and destroy the enamel. Dr. Miller thinks that the starchy foods also, such as bread and potatoes, are even more favourable to decay than sugar. We know that the Irish peasantry, who subsist largely upon the latter vegetable, have very poor teeth, and the Chinese labourers, who live almost exclusively upon rice, also suffer greatly from dental decay. Probably the worst form of food, so far as the health of the teeth is concerned, is to be found in those combinations of sugar and starch out of which are constructed the displays, so tempting to the juvenile appetite, seen in the shop windows of bakers and confectioners. If I compare the action of mouth bacteria upon the enamel of the teeth to that of lichens and mosses upon a perfectly polished stone I shall convey to the mind of the reader as perfect an illustration as is required of the commencement of the process of decay. If a lichen be lifted from such a stone it will be seen that the polish has been destroyed, and that the vegetable growth has produced a depression on the surface of the rock. Some portion of the surface of the stone has been actually dissolved by the action of the fluids found in the plant. This is precisely what occurs when acid-forming bacteria remain for any considerable length of time in contact with enamel. A slight roughness, amounting to hardly more than a removal of the perfect polish of well-formed enamel, is the first visible effect of the action of these microscopic vegetable cells.* If the action be continued a slight depression is formed, which is rapidly deepened into a cavity, and thus the enamel of the tooth is penetrated. Once the dentine or bone of the tooth is reached the process of decay advances much more rapidly. This tissue is everywhere pervaded by a system of microscopic canals called the

* Bacteria are not classed as animal life, as is often supposed.

dentinal tubuli. The bacteria penetrate deeply into these canals, causing rapid enlargement of them and speedy breaking down of the tooth substance. Not only does the acid produced by the fungi dissolve the mineral elements of the tooth, but the micro-organisms also seem to absorb, as food material, the animal matter which fills the dentinal tubuli.

We have briefly considered the predisposing and active causes of the degeneracy of human teeth, and now come to the more interesting phase of our subject, viz., the measures and means that modern science and art have to offer for defeating the natural results of the destructive forces and agencies which we have pointed out. And it may be gratifying to those who have followed me thus far to know at once that these measures and means involve the skill of the modern dentist to a less extent than might be supposed. Let it not be understood that I have any desire to discount the value of my own calling. It will be seen that I have no intention of doing so. But at the outset of my remedial suggestions I wish to point out and emphasise the simple and oft-repeated fact that prevention costs far less and is much more valuable than cure. To make a definite and specific application of this commonplace statement, I will say that, in my judgment, there are but few men and women who may not, if they will, pass the fortieth milestone on life's journey with a fairly good and unbroken set of natural teeth. The appalling loss of the teeth which is such a painful feature of the life of to-day is a wholly preventible evil, and is largely due to two things, viz., first, that cheap and vile apology for dentistry which converts the misfortunes of humanity into an opportunity for money making by advocating the extraction of the natural teeth and the use of artificial substitutes; and, second, neglect on the part of the public to avail itself of such means as are within reach for the preservation of the teeth by *preventing* decay. I have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that two-thirds of the money spent in fees to dentists might be saved, together with all the pain and weariness which this involves, by proper care of the teeth and the timely seeking of such professional assistance as may be necessary. As I have already remarked, there is probably small use in calling attention to the hereditary aspect of the question except as an explanation of present conditions, but very much may be effected in improving the quality of the teeth if efforts in this direction are commenced at birth. If anything is to be done with the end of securing a good enamel formation for the permanent teeth the work *must* begin at this point.

The calcification of the first permanent molars begins shortly before birth. With all of the others this process is commenced immediately after birth and, the wisdom teeth alone excepted, is practically completed, as far as the crowns of the teeth are concerned, by the tenth or eleventh year. I have shown the futility of any attempt to change the quality of formed enamel by dietetic measures. Any value, therefore, which special forms of food may possess must be utilised during this period of calcification of the teeth, covering the first few years of life. It is, of course, perfectly true that improved nutrition, by its power to raise the standard of vitality of the body, reduces the liability of the teeth to decay. But this operates almost wholly upon the environment of the teeth—the mucous membrane, and more especially the fluids of the mouth.

No method of infant feeding can equal the natural one of nursing for the first six months, provided the mother or nurse be in good health. But fatigue, worry, or nervous excitement of any sort may so vitiate the quality or interfere with the quantity of the secretion as to produce serious effects upon the child. A quiet, temperate life, amid cheerful surroundings for the nurse or mother, is a matter of great importance to the infant. When these conditions cannot be secured the milk from a healthy cow should be substituted for the natural product. The space at my disposal in this paper will not permit any extended suggestions for the preparation and management of food. It must suffice to say that milk should constitute the main article of diet for the first three years, to which may be sparingly added after the first nine months oatmeal boiled to a jelly, wheaten grits, and chicken and mutton broths, with baked potatoes, bread and butter, and fruits during the third year. I have pointed out the specific effects of the infantile skin diseases upon the formation of enamel. The utmost care should, therefore, be exercised in guarding the child against these disorders. It should also be kept as free as possible from every form of nervous excitement, especially that of an emotional character. The less purely mental teaching of a consecutive nature that is imposed during the first five or six years, the better will it be for future health and vigour. This should be made an imperative rule in the case of precocious children. A precocious child may be a source of great delight to fond and admiring parents, but to stimulate its over-active brain is to lay a sure foundation for future misery. A child, during the first few years of its life, should be treated as a valuable and superior sort of animal. Lay the physical basis sure

and strong if you wish to build perfect manhood and womanhood. A perfectly healthy moral nature can only be developed in a perfectly healthy body.

After the twenty teeth of the first set are in position the child should be given a certain amount of food requiring vigorous mastication. Use, within healthy limits, is the measure of development in any part of the body. A vigorous use of the teeth not only tends towards the avoidance of decay by preventing the accumulation of soft, decomposing food particles about them, but it also directly and powerfully stimulates the development of the jaws—a matter of the utmost importance in securing regularity of arrangement in the second set. And, at the same time, the nutrition of the permanent teeth which are being formed at this time is directly improved by the increased blood supply thus drawn to the jaws. For these reasons, also, the most scrupulous care should be bestowed upon the first or temporary teeth. If they are permitted to decay and to remain in that condition they become sensitive and painful, in consequence of which the child swallows its food without proper mastication, and thus, not only are all the beneficial effects to the jaws and permanent teeth which I have mentioned as resulting from vigorous mastication lost, but the nutrition of the entire body is seriously impaired at the most critical period of life.

To insist rigidly upon certain kinds of food, either for children or adults, is one of the errors growing out of a partial view of the facts bearing upon the subject. The craze for the use of phosphatic foods has run a very vigorous course in America during the past twenty years, and all the while the quality of the teeth has steadily deteriorated. The truth is that the nutritive quality of food consumed in England and America is to-day, on the whole, far in advance of what it was fifty years ago. I am prepared to join hands with any one in the condemnation of the use of any considerable proportion of soft and pulpy foods, but the facts will not warrant the statement frequently made that modern food does not contain all the nutritrive elements necessary for maintaining any part of the body in a state of health. Flour made from whole wheat may often prove a valuable food material, not because it is markedly richer in nutritive substances, but because it happens to better suit the assimilative powers of the individual. It is the difference in this assimilative power which makes "one man's meat another man's poison." The vegetarians insist that animal food is conducive to degeneration of the teeth, but the facts are against them. The native

inhabitants of Greenland and Labrador, living almost exclusively upon animal food, preferably that which is fat, have very fine teeth almost entirely free from decay. The same is true of the Gauchos, a tribe of cattle-breeding people inhabiting the great upland plains of South America, and subsisting entirely upon a meat diet. This same people, living in another part of the country, in towns, and consuming a mixed diet, suffer considerably from decay of the teeth. The Scotch people, who eat large quantities of oatmeal, and the Chinese, who live almost exclusively upon a vegetable diet, have, as already mentioned, very poor teeth. The only conclusion which can be drawn from a careful examination of the foods of all nations is that vigorous people may be perfectly nourished on a great variety of food materials, whilst the most carefully selected diet will not maintain a high standard of vitality among a people where there is a prodigal waste of nervous energy.

But entirely aside from any benefits to be obtained from changes in food habits, it is possible by personal care to prevent to a very great extent the rapid decay of the teeth which we everywhere see going on. This care must, however, be intelligently directed, and it must also be fortified and aided at the right time by such professional assistance as may be necessary. Most people whose teeth decay rapidly make the fatal mistake of delaying their application for professional aid until the period of actual suffering arrives. It is then often too late to remedy completely the difficulty, and such benefits as may be conferred necessitate the expenditure of far more time and entail more suffering than if the trouble had been taken earlier. Much greater benefits may often be obtained by spending one hour with your dentist in January than you will be able to secure by sitting under his hands for three hours if you delay your visit until the following December. It is true the more skilful dentists of the present day have done much to eliminate the element of pain from their operations, but I imagine that no amount of tact or inventive skill will ever convert dentistry into such a luxury that people will prefer to spend three hours rather than one in a dental chair.

I may be permitted a slight digression at this point to emphasise the necessity of careful handling of children during their first experiences with the dentist. Once their confidence is completely secured, as it nearly always may be by the exercise of tact and gentleness, they make the best of patients. But any attempt to force them to submit to long and painful operations is certain to create a prejudice that the knowledge of maturer years can hardly efface.

The golden truth with reference to personal care of the teeth is this: A perfectly clean tooth will never decay. Now, perfect cleanliness of the mouth largely means that it must be kept free from those destructive acid-forming bacteria which are the immediate cause of decay of the teeth. But can this be accomplished? I believe that something closely approximating this very desirable state may be reached. If the first object of dentistry be to save the teeth by preventing decay, then it is a source of no little surprise that conscientious dentists have not made greater efforts in this direction. Few people know how to brush their teeth properly, and still fewer possess brushes with which this important feature of the daily toilet can be thoroughly performed. The head of the brush and the face of the bristles should be curved so as to conform in a general way with the arch of the teeth. Each tuft of bristles should be pointed so as to obtain the utmost penetration into the deep sulci or groves in the masticating surfaces of the molars and bicuspids, as well as into the interstices between the teeth, for it is here, where the bacteria can usually obtain undisturbed lodgment, that the process of decay most frequently begins. The teeth should be brushed in the direction in which they grow, that is to say, the *upper* teeth should be brushed *downwards* and the *lower* teeth *upwards*. This enables the pointed tufts of the bristles to penetrate the interstices between the teeth to a much greater extent than if they are brushed directly across their faces as in the usual manner. But brushing alone is not sufficient to keep the teeth entirely clean. Of nearly as much importance as the brush is the use of that form of untwisted silk thread known as silk floss, which can be obtained from any good dentist, or from the dental supply stores. This should be drawn between the teeth and moved back and forth freely for the purpose of thoroughly removing any decomposing particles of food which may have become wedged between the teeth.

The preparation which is used in cleansing the teeth is also a matter of much importance. The various carbolic powders, camphorated chalk, and boric acid pastes, which are so extensively advertised and sold, are better than nothing when they do not contain injurious substances, as is sometimes the case. But, so far as I am aware, and I have given much attention to the matter, none of the preparations to be found in the market contain any antiseptic or, more properly speaking, any germicide capable of destroying the bacteria which proliferate in the mouth. Dr. Miller says that he found a very weak solution of corrosive

sublimate the most efficacious germicide for this purpose. But this mercurial salt is a virulent poison, and is unsafe in the hands of a non-professional, even in the form of a weak solution.

There has recently been added to our resources in this direction a drug which seems to meet all requirements. It is one of the many wonderful products of coal tar, and is known as hydronaphthol. It ranks very near corrosive sublimate as a germicide, and is quite free from the toxic properties of that drug. It is a brownish powder, possessing a slightly spicy odour and taste, and is therefore in convenient and agreeable form for use. Special conditions of the mouth often call for a special form of toilet preparation, but for general use I recommend a paste made by grinding the various necessary powders in pure glycerine, and adding, in addition to the blending of essential oils for flavouring, five or six grains of hydronaphthol, previously dissolved in a few drops of spirits of wine, to every ounce of the tooth paste. Such a preparation thoroughly applied to the teeth morning and evening with the brush and silk floss will, if the practice be commenced with the eruption of the permanent teeth, enable most people to reach the meridian of life with an unbroken set of teeth, and with far less aid from the dentist than is usually required. And, finally, perfect cleanliness of the mouth means more than the preservation of the teeth and the avoidance of such diseases as spring from imperfect mastication of food. Recent investigations make it almost certain that the bacteria of several infectious diseases pass their period of incubation in the mouth. I believe that one of the best safeguards that can be adopted against attacks of diseases of this character will be found in a thorough cleansing of the mouth twice or three times a day with a preparation containing the germicide above mentioned. I have strong personal reasons for believing that this antiseptic treatment of the mouth is a most effective prophylactic measure against that dreaded scourge, influenza, which has made such sad havoc in London during the past two years.

JAMES LEON WILLIAMS.

MY PARIS NOTE BOOK.

[To set finally at rest the numerous conjectures on the subject we take this opportunity of stating that Mr. Vandam is the "Englishman in Paris."—EDITOR.]

THE name of Henri Mürger is probably more familiar, even to educated Englishmen, than that of Théodore Barrière, though the latter, in view of the revived interest in the drama, should take the foremost place; yet I fear that neither of them is a household word. Familiar or not, the reader must bear me no grudge for introducing them here: I could not do otherwise, seeing that the greater part of these notes are purely personal and that I knew the author of *Les Faux Bonshommes* for many years. Nearly a decade and a half ago I wrote the following sentences in the preface to one of my books: "A writer who has time to explain everything has not much to write. A reader who has not the time to inquire, What is this? ought not to read." Since then I have seen no reason to alter my opinions in that respect, having found that the reader invariably lays the blame of his want of knowledge at the door of the author. A case in point:—

In the beginning of 1877 I was seated one day outside the Café de la Paix; it was, in fact, on the very day of Ledru-Rollin's funeral. Near me were two Englishmen, both of whom have since then tasted the sweets and bitters almost inseparable from too conspicuous a seat on the switchback of politics. They were evidently there by appointment, and the shorter of the two, who bears an historic name, showed signs of impatience. At last the expected friend hove in sight, and in another moment Léon Gambetta, puffing and blowing as was his wont, was shaking hands with the taller Englishman, who introduced his companion. "I am sorry to be late," said the French statesman, "but I was obliged to attend the funeral of Ledru-Rollin." Therewith he disappeared for a little while inside the café, while the bearer of the historic name, who subsequently aspired to, and held for a little while, one of the highest offices of State, inquired *sotto voce*: "Who was Ledru-Rollin?"

Of course the information was immediately forthcoming, but I fancied I noticed a slight frown of displeasure on the inquirer's face.

He probably felt that he ought to have known, and was very nigh blaming Gambetta and the dead Ledru-Rollin himself for his own shortcomings in history.

Now, I feel certain the reader will not do this; my hint may, perhaps, induce him to read both Mürger and Barrière, and he will probably thank me for having made him better acquainted with men with whom, as in the case of Voltaire with God, he had hitherto only been on bowing terms.

It need scarcely be said that the sight of a playwright in the heyday of his success was an inexhaustible treat to the lad of fifteen, who already, perhaps, had read a great deal more than was good for him at his age; who, before he was eleven, had been taken to see Rachel, and every other theatrical and operatic celebrity; visiting the capital as well as the second most important town in Holland; who had sat spellbound at the questionable talent of that curious negro actor, Ira Aldridge, who came to us accompanied by a German company, he being the only one performing in English; to the lad who three or four years before that had been a member of a "Children's Comedy Company" under the management of Mr. Edouard Van Biene, the eldest brother of my dear and valued friend, Mr. Auguste Van Biene. And when, after my request to Jules Noriac for the name of his tailor, the former favoured me with his notice and finally introduced me to the authors of *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, which I knew by heart, and to the creator of *Les Faux Bonshommes*, which I had seen not once but a dozen times, I would not have changed places with the most powerful monarch on earth.

The friendship thus begun lasted for many years. Little by little when I came to the age of discretion and discernment my admiration of the playwright, though it did not diminish, made room for my admiration of the man who, while he scourged the vices of his time, had not an ounce of gall in his composition; of one of the kindliest creatures under the sun, who, notwithstanding the provocations of those nearest and dearest to him, remained the kindliest creature to the very last.

For, though there was scarcely a dissentient voice in the outside world with regard to his talent—Charles Monselet's, in the beginning, was one of the rare exceptions—that talent was systematically depreciated at home. Barrière himself never complained; it was Jules Noriac who told me all this later on in life, and he, with that intuition born of true friendship, guessed at, rather than heard of, Barrière's sufferings, which were borne with exemplary patience and a smiling countenance. Here is an instance of that patience and good temper.

It was well known that, even at the outset of his career, Barrière earned a fair amount of money. As it was equally well known that he had no expensive tastes, except in the matter of cigars, which he liked large and good and of which he consumed a good many in the course of the day, it became a matter of surprise to see him turn every now and then to one of his friends and borrow "twenty francs," for Barrière rarely if ever used the word "louis," which abstention showed that the thrifty habits and the phraseology expressive thereof of the lower *bourgeoisie* had stuck to him in spite of his altered surroundings.

Whither did the money go, then? To his mother, who was the most curious specimen of greed and improvidence combined that it would be possible to find. I have before me two notes, copied from the originals which were in the possession of Jules Noriac, to whom they were shown in fun by Barrière himself and afterwards given "as *documents humains*," as M. Zola would say. Barrière and his friend were talking money matters one day, and the question placed at the beginning of this paragraph rose to the latter's lips: "Que diable fais-tu de ton argent?" "Tu ne sais pas, mon vieux," was the reply; "en effet tu ne pourrais pas le savoir, vu que je ne le sais pas moi-même. C'est un secret entre Dieu et ma mère. Mais comme le bon Dieu lui-même fait part de ses secrets de temps-à-temps à des simples mortels, pourvu qu'ils savent les déchiffrer, je vais te montrer deux bouts de papier." Therewith Barrière took from his pocket-book two slips of paper. "Tu me demandes ce que je fais de mon argent," he said, handing him the first. "Lis et tu sauras."

I translate literally:—

Dr.

Received from Péragallo in settlement of the monthly account on the 12th inst.	6,700fr.
Paid to Davenne in settlement of account	3,500
„ Mayer, remainder of account of '49	1,470
„ Upholsterer for curtains and varnishing of dining-room chairs	270
„ Aunt Annette's rent	140
„ To my mother for household expenses	1,200
„ In hand for personal expenses	120
Total	6,700fr.

"Et voilà ce que ma mère en fait," laughed Barrière, after he had explained that out of the 120fr. he had kept for himself, he had bought his father a new hat and his mother a new bonnet, which headgear had

not met with the lady's approval, because it was too much like "les chiffons que portent les coquines pour qui tu te ruines."

This is how Barrière's mother kept her accounts.

Seed for Coco (the canary)	2sous.
To the concierge's little daughter for a new head for her doll	5frs.
Parsley and chervil	1sou.
Sundries	1,000frs.

Barrière did not mention that this wonderful book-keeper had omitted to put down a couple of new louis which she had mistaken for liards and as such thrown from her window to some strolling musicians. In fact, he did not mind her extravagance, for he simply doted on her, and each month after he had given her the lion's share of his earnings, he went with the gravest possible face through her so-called accounts, putting his seal to them with a fond kiss and calling her "the most remarkable comptroller of the household the world had ever seen," which, no doubt, she was.

I do not think Barrière was equally fond of his father, whom I never saw, but who, according to Noriac, was not a lovable creature. The father and his brother, Barrière's uncle, pretended to look upon the rising young playwright as a mere trifler, whose works, compared with theirs, did not deserve a moment's consideration. In the case of the sire, the literary baggage consisted of sundry versifications of some of Molière's prose plays, none of which, I need scarcely say, saw the foot-lights, and of a few farces written in collaboration with others; the uncle, on the other hand, had rendered into prose *Le Misanthrope*, *Tartuffe*, &c. He made it a point to stay away from all the *premières* of his nephew's plays, though he was an inveterate playgoer. "What can I do?" laughed Barrière, "I cannot repay him in his own coin, for I'll never get a chance of staying away from one of his *premières*."

Both these "delightful creatures" moved Heaven and earth, while the young fellow was scaling the ladder of fame with giant strides, to have him placed under a *conseil judiciaire*—in other words, to deprive him of the management of his own affairs, to control his expenses, and so forth. Had they been able, they would have forcibly compelled him to remain bending over the engraver's bench instead of "writing the rubbish he did," the proceeds of which "rubbish" they appropriated almost to a cent, which "rubbish" was the means of surrounding the whole of the family with a degree of comfort they had never known before.

These attempts to treat Barrière as a minor had hitherto proved unsuccessful, notwithstanding the fact that at the date of the first effort in that direction he was really under age, and albeit that even in the France of the present day a man of forty or fifty may be so treated by his family, if they can obtain the necessary authority. My uncles called the *conseil judiciaire* the "chapel of ease of the madhouse." We may suppose, however, that even among the lawyers consulted by Barrière *père* and his delectable brother there was not one sufficiently daring to make an application to that effect in the case of a young fellow who delighted Paris audiences by his wit and pointed satire when he was barely twenty, for Barrière had already then obtained a certain amount of success, though his great popularity only began with *La Vie de Bohème*, written in collaboration with Henri Mürger.

Then the brothers thought their chance had come. Instead of applying to this or that pettifogging lawyer, as they had done hitherto, they consulted an eminent member of the French Bar. This time they intended to base their petition upon what seemed to them a damning fact—namely, their son's and nephew's association "avec un undividu de mauvaises mœurs, le nommé Henri Mürger, l'auteur d'un roman scandaleux, intitulé, *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*." The barrister, after listening attentively to them, showed them the door. The reason of their going to him, though he was by no means what, for want of a better term, I must call "a redresser of sensational wrongs," merits a record here owing to the position he occupied subsequently. I will not be positive as to the date, seeing that the note from which I transcribe bears none. It is not difficult, however, to supply an approximate one, for the note must have been written a few years after the rupture of the relations between George Sand and Alfred de Musset. The heart-broken poet, after his return from Venice, claimed his letters to Madame Sand. "Curiously enough," says the note in the handwriting of my elder grand-uncle, "Alfred de Musset did not consult his own lawyer, but went to one who, though held in high esteem in his profession, was not considered the fittest to conduct such a case, his forte being commercial practice. To everyone's surprise the barrister, after a moment's consideration, accepted the task, and, as it seemed, somewhat eagerly. 'It will cause a tremendous scandal, but we will gain the day,' he said, smiling. 'It is a little bit out of my ordinary routine, but I owe you that much in return for the pleasure the perusal of your works has afforded me.' Musset, it appears, had not the courage to face the

scandal, and he abandoned his action. During the Second Republic the barrister distinguished himself by introducing a Bill for the Abolition of the Office of President of the Republic. His name is M. Jules Grévy." The elder Barrières probably considered "one scandal as good as another"; that was why they applied to the future President of the Third Republic.

The ne'er-do-well, who, according to his nearest relations, spent his substance in riotous and fast living, was probably the best-behaved man in his set. This does not mean that he had no love affairs, for this fierce, *sabreur*-looking *littérateur*, with the flashing dark eyes, the stubborn moustache, the bronzed face, and prompt and cutting attack and repartee, had a heart brimming over with affection, and was absolutely at the mercy of any pretty woman who chose "to make up to him," provided she did so in a refined and gentle way. But the slightest sign of coarseness either in gesture or language positively appalled him. I had the following story from my Uncle Joseph, who, though a bachelor from conviction like his brother, was the most inveterate "matchmaker out of petticoats" it has ever been my lot to meet. As a matter of course, he did all he could to get Barrière—of whom he was very fond—married. With this end in view he introduced him to a wealthy Dutch family where there was a very charming daughter, who, in addition to her charms, had a considerable marriage portion. I do not suppose for a single moment that the latter fact influenced Barrière in the slightest degree; he was absolutely indifferent to all questions of money; but in a short time he became sincerely attached to the girl, who, on her side, returned the feeling with interest. Unfortunately, though well educated, she had a hard struggle with the niceties of the French language, and made use of expressions which jarred upon Barrière's ear. Nevertheless things were moving apace, and one day the family gave a large dinner party in honour of the author of *Les Faux Bonshommes*, who was the first to arrive, probably in order to have a quiet chat with the pretty damsel. In the course of the conversation, being at a loss for the right expression, she made use of a somewhat too naturalistic one. Barrière turned very crimson first, then very pale, rose from the couch, and without another word left the room and the house, which he never would consent to enter again.

I repeat, Barrière was sensitive to such a degree that he never in his life saw the fourth act of one of his best plays, *La Comtesse de Somerive*. After the lapse of many years, I feel still convinced that the tragic fate

of the young heroine was *not* suggested to him by an episode in his own life; and this notwithstanding the almost positive assertion of some of his older friends, who, however, had no more evidence for their opinion than I have for mine, seeing that Barrière always avoided answering the question, whether put directly or indirectly. I feel certain that his reluctance to see the young girl brought on to the stage, after she had drowned herself in a moment of despair, arose from pure sentiment, and not from the fear of being reminded of events the memory of which he would have fain buried for ever. His taciturnity on the subject was simply part of a plan—of which he never lost sight—for mystifying his best friends, for Barrière was an inveterate practical joker; but though his jokes were often grim, they were never coarse and did no positive harm to anyone. In this instance, his friends, by hinting at a secret in Barrière's early life, had virtually provided him with a good opportunity for displaying his powers, and he kept the ball rolling to the very last.

As a rule, though, Barrière did not wait for an opportunity, but invented one. One of the most elaborate jokes he ever perpetrated deserves to be recounted at length, the more that I do not believe it ever appeared in print, the principal victim, Jules Noriac, being commendably silent about it. I only had it by accident many years after it occurred.

In those days, the office of Chief-Executioner of France, or "Monsieur de Paris,' as the French call him, was held by M. Heindreich. He died in 1872 at the age of seventy, fifty-four years of which were spent in the exercise of his profession, "his first appearance" having taken place when he was sixteen, under the auspices of his father, who was executioner at Toulon.

I saw Heindreich not once but a hundred times between the years 1862 and 1872—of course, "*off* duty." I only saw him twice "*on* duty"; but beyond telling the reader that on such solemn occasions he wore faultless evening dress, and that at the termination of "the function" he went to church and had a Mass celebrated for the repose of the soul of the deceased, I am not going to describe him in his official character. I have seen three executions in my life; that of Couty de la Pommeraies, the French Pritchard; of Troppmann, who murdered a family of eight; of Michael Campi, who killed an inoffensive rhymester—there are offensive rhymesters—in the Rue du Régard. After the first I was ill for a week, after the second the horrible effect wore off in two days, after the third I recovered my normal state of mind within four-and-twenty hours. Then I promised myself that I would see no more, lest

I should become callous to the shedding of human blood, and I kept my word, though I have been many a time since on the Place de la Roquette, and even inside the prison during the preliminaries to an execution. I took care, however, to get away before the prison doors swung back, before the condemned man caught his last glimpse of the sun as reflected by the murderous, gleaming knife, striking terror into the glassy eyes before it did its fatal work. I, for one, do not believe in the deterrent effect of capital punishment, whether administered publicly or privately, least of all, perhaps, under the former circumstances. While the elder Verdure was being executed, his younger brother was "working" in the crowd surrounding the scaffold. The proceeds of the morning's work, four watches and a well-filled purse, were exhibited by him to his "pals," who had made a bet with him that he would not have the heart to go to work that morning.

To return to Heindreich, with whom Barrière was very intimate, for "Monsieur de Paris" was a very estimable man, though by no means the romantic creature the journalists of his time tried to make him. He was mentally as superior to his successor, Nicholas Roch, as the latter was superior to his successor, Deibler, and neither fretted nor chafed at the stigma attached to his calling. Least of all did he endeavour to pose as a misjudged benefactor to Society or as a hero. He was uniformly courteous and polite, even to journalists, whom, as a rule, he did not like, "because," as he expressed it, "they did not seek his acquaintance as a man, but simply as an executioner," and he objected to being made the subject of interviews, *chroniques*, and sensational articles, though always willing to give information, provided the knowledge thus imparted was not used as a framework wherein to exhibit the informant. For having disregarded his express stipulations in that respect he very nearly strangled a very well-known journalist of those days, for M. Heindreich stood over 6ft. and had a powerful grip. He was rather handsome, with his short white hair brushed on end, and his closely cropped white whiskers. In fact, he at once gave one the impression of a gentleman, and both his manners and conversation strengthened that impression. He was distinctly well-read, especially in all that related to his profession; he not only had the history of the guillotine at his fingers' ends, but knew all about the Scotch *maiden* and Italian *mannaja*, its predecessors. It was he who virtually did away with the scaffold and planned the structure "level with the ground," which abridges the condemned man's agony by several minutes. But he did not live to see it

operate, there having been no execution for two years previous to his death. It was Nicholas Roch who "handselled" the new machine on the morning of June 17th, 1872, on which occasion, notwithstanding "the double attraction" of a "new executioner"—as far as Paris was concerned—and a "new sewing-machine"—the description was not inappropriate—"which does not join, but disjoints," there were scarcely two score of people on the Place de la Roquette, exclusive of the military and the reporters. I was in Paris at the time, but did not go to that *prēmière*. A young cousin of mine did, and I had to give him sleeping draughts for three nights afterwards. When he was sufficiently recovered to give an intelligible account of what had happened, he told me that the honours of "the performance" were neither for the criminal, nor for the executioner, nor for the machine, but for a lad, who, perched on one of the trees, had, amidst the dead silence immediately following the appearance of the culprit, intoned the refrain from Hervé's then popular opera, *L'Œil Crevé*:—

"On va lui couper la tête,
C'est bien fait ! . . ."

Truly, "l'esprit ne perd jamais ses droits au France."

I have already alluded to M. Heindreich's extensive knowledge of the history of the guillotine, and it was his thirst for further knowledge that brought me in contact with him. There exists, or there existed, in the Town Hall at Augsburg a picture of the *mannaja*, to which a poet of my native country, Jacob Cats, has devoted a whole chapter in his poem *Doodkisten* (Coffins). One day while chatting to Barrière, I happened to mention this, and he in his turn mentioned it to Heindreich. A few days later I received an invitation to lunch with Heindreich, and I eventually translated the whole of the chapter into French for him. That was the beginning of our acquaintance.

At that time "Monsieur de Paris" lived on the Boulevard Beaumarchais, in a very handsomely-furnished, though small, apartment, for he lived and died a bachelor. In the same house lived Laferrière, the great melodramatic actor and creator of the principal part in one of Barrière's most powerful plays, *L'Outrage*. It was probably through Laferrière that the dramatist became acquainted with the executioner; but of this I am not certain, because Barrière was a decided advocate of capital punishment, and may have sought out Heindreich by himself.

Though fast friends, Jules Noriac and Théodore Barrière had widely divergent opinions on many subjects, but on none did they differ so much as on the question of capital punishment. Noriac was almost inclined to look upon the supreme sentence of the law as murder, and upon the executioner as little short of a murderer. Nothing that Barrière could say or do would ever induce him to meet Heindreich, and so far as Noriac was aware he had never met him in the flesh.

At that time Noriac and Barrière lived close to one another in the Avenue des Ternes, at a stone's throw from the fortifications. Heindreich, who was fond of bodily exercise, and had not an ounce of spare flesh upon him, would often walk from the Bastille to the Ternes, drop in at his friend's and ask himself to breakfast. One morning he arrived, as was his wont, bringing a large lobster with him. As it was too early to sit down to table they remained chatting in the dramatist's study, and a little while after the servant came in to say that M. Noriac wished to see his master. Barrière, remembering Noriac's dislike to meet Heindreich, saw his friend in another room. Noriac had come to borrow five hundred francs for a few days. Then a sudden and diabolical idea took possession of Barrière. "I haven't got them," he said, "but my friend Michel, who is in my study, is going to remain to breakfast. You know Michel, the rich cutler, from the Rue St. Martin. I am sure he has the money upon him. Stop to breakfast, and when we are taking our coffee we'll borrow it of him. Go and take a turn in the garden, I'll be with you in a moment."

Then Barrière returned to Heindreich, and, according to the latter's account given to me many years afterwards, this is what occurred. I should preface that part of the story by saying that at that time Heindreich was not aware of Noriac's reluctance to meet him.

"Noriac is going to stay to breakfast," said Barrière, entering the room; "and I wish you to do me a favour. He wants me to lend him five hundred francs for a few days; here is the money, I want you to lend them to him."

"Why? Would it not be better for you to do so? After all, I cannot offer a perfect stranger to lend him five hundred francs," said Heindreich.

"I'll tell you," was the answer. "Even the most honourable people are very lax in money matters with their friends. If I lent Noriac the money, he might let me wait for it. With you, he'll be punctual to the minute; I know Noriac. I am not going to tell him who

you are; I'll say you are M. Michel, the rich cutler from the Rue St. Martin. Thinking he is dealing with a business man, he'll make it a point to be exact; for he is always talking about the strict integrity of the French commercial community. So you are M. Michel and here is the money."

"Very well."

A few minutes afterwards Noriac is introduced to M. Michel, and the three sit down to a capital breakfast. Noriac is simply sparkling, and very attentive to the rich cutler, for the author of *La Bêtise Humaine's* attitude towards the trading *bourgeoisie* was somewhat complex. While despising their greed, their narrowmindedness, scarcely less than Nestor Roqueplan, Roger de Beauvoir, and Barrière himself, he was more just towards the individual exceptions, and Heindreich, *alias* Michel, playing his part to perfection, or rather not playing it all conventionally, produced the impression of being such an exception.

Suddenly, while the coffee and cigars are being placed on the table, the sky becomes overcast and the rain descends in torrents. "Beastly nuisance," says Noriac, "and I have got to go to town in this."

"I forgot," replies Barrière, "you want five hundred francs. I am very sorry I haven't got them."

"I have," says the *quasi* M. Michel, "and I'll be delighted to save you an unnecessary journey in this storm. You'll really oblige me, M. Noriac, by allowing me to be of service to you."

"Very well," chimes in Barrière, not moving a muscle of his face. "Just consider it a loan to me, my dear Michel. Noriac will refund it in a week at the latest."

The money changes hands, and Noriac, beaming with pleasure, puts it in his purse. A week elapses, during which Noriac sings the praises of Michel, and on the afternoon of the seventh day he hands Barrière the five hundred francs at the Café des Variétés. "Give them to your friend and thank him for me."

"Would it not be more polite for you to take them to him personally? says Barrière, making for the door, for he foresees a terrible outburst "Here is his address," handing him a bit of paper.

"You are right," replies Noriac, "I'll go to-morrow."

"Don't go to-morrow, go the day after; to-morrow you'd be in his way."

"Why should I be in his way?"

"Because he'll just have come back from the Place de la Roquette,

after having beheaded Lemaire. My friend Michel is none other than Heindreich. You owe the five hundred francs to 'Monsieur de Paris.'" And Barrière jumps into a cab, not caring to watch the effect of his last words. But Noriac, the good fellow he was, soon forgave him, and though he would never meet Hendreich again, always spoke with the greatest respect of him.

I have a distinct recollection of Henri Mürger, though I was less than twenty when he died. For two or three years I saw him almost every day, when he was not at the hospital or at Marlotte, near Fontainebleau, where, notwithstanding his frequently expressed desire for rest, he was not as often as he could have been. Without any attempt at mock humility, I am free to confess that it requires more talent than I possess to do justice to Henri Mürger, even in disjointed notes like these. Few people understood him, fewer still tried to understand. Notwithstanding the kindness of those around him, he was altogether out of his element. Young as I was, and consequently unversed in the ways of the world, even I could see this. Added to this there was his chronic bad health, not brought on by debauch and riotous living, as some have maintained, but probably the result of insufficient food and insufficient clothing during his youth and early manhood, for the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, which are read wherever the French language is understood, which brought the publishers a small fortune, were paid for, at their first appearance, at the rate of 15fr. per instalment of three and four columns. While the whole of Paris was convulsed with laughter, or moved to tears, with the pranks of Schaunard and Rodolphe, with the sufferings of Musette, their creator, or, to speak by the card, their photographer, was compelled to stay in bed because he had obligingly lent a friend "the only pair of trousers" he possessed. That was how Barrière found him when he called for the first time. Mürger, at the time, was living in a *garni* in the Rue des Cannettes, "the rent of which may have been from between 20 and 25 francs a month." I am quoting Barrière's own words.

On looking over what I have written I find that I have already exceeded my space. The notes relating to Mürger, partly from personal observation, partly jotted down from conversations with Barrière in after years, are too numerous to be condensed here. I will return to them another day.

ALBERT D. VANDAM.

LABOUR COLONIES ABROAD.

PERHAPS the best way to introduce my subject will be to explain how I came to visit some of the Labour Colonies of Germany, Holland, and Belgium. At a public meeting held in Glasgow fully a year ago to hear a lecture on Home Colonisation by Mr. Mills, author of *Poverty and the State*, a committee was appointed to inquire fully into the subject. This committee, after collecting a deal of valuable information, recommended that a sub-committee of four, including myself, should personally visit a few Labour Colonies on the Continent. No date, however, could be found on which the members could go abroad conveniently together, so, to prevent indefinite postponement, we decided that each should go at his own convenience. And thus the end of April found me in Hamburg, armed with a few official letters of introduction. I had the good fortune to be staying with friends who took a lively interest in my mission, and who introduced me to two eminent judges of the Hamburg Landgericht, Dr. Föhring and Dr. Hasche. My intention was to have gone on at once to Bielefeld, but they strongly urged me to begin by seeing the *Corrections-Anstalt*, or Penal Labour Colony, near Hamburg, and the Holstein Free Labour Colony at Rickling.

Rickling is only about forty-two miles north-east of Hamburg, but being on a branch line the journey to it is a slow one. One of my Hamburg friends kindly agreed to go with me, and in order to have a whole day before us we went in the evening to the junction—Oldesloe—a small country town about twenty-four miles on the way to Lübeck.

Next morning we were up betimes, and at six o'clock we left for Rickling, arriving shortly after seven. The country we passed through was very pretty, and well cultivated till near the station of Fahrenkrug, some of the meadows being all aglow with cowslips. Beyond Fahrenkrug it became bleaker; and as we neared Rickling a wide heather-covered moor stretched away for leagues to the right. Half a mile's walk from Rickling Station brought us to the buildings of the Holstein Labour Colony, over which we were shown by Herr Marc-

quardt, the Comptroller for the Provincial Government, in the absence of the director.

Besides the eating, sleeping, working, and recreation rooms for the colonists and the officials, there are commodious buildings for the horses, cows, pigs, &c., of which there is a large stock. The inmates average about one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty men—more in winter and fewer in summer—and those we saw were quite equal in physique to the average working men throughout the country. Some of them are, of course, pretty well run down when they seek admission, but the diet, regular hours, and healthy labour soon restore them to fitness.

The management consists of the director, two foremen, three agricultural overseers, and an accountant, and under their supervision the men do all the work of the colony. The colonists are drawn from all classes of society, there being at present in the place broken-down lawyers, doctors, and even clergymen, Government officials, and shopkeepers, the majority naturally being of the labouring class. Not a few have been in prison, but when ex-convicts join it would seem as if they resolved to turn over a new leaf, for many of them do well. No questions are asked of a man wanting admission except as to his freedom from infectious disease. He is admitted if there is room, and it rarely happens that anyone has to be turned away. The applicant has to undertake to remain for four months, so that, after being made "fit" at the expense of the colony, the colony may in turn be benefited by his labour. During his stay his antecedents are quietly ascertained, and his friends are communicated with in case of need, but no previous misconduct is allowed to affect his treatment; he gets a fair chance. The men remain for variable periods, but must leave at the end of two years, as otherwise they would become domiciled, and the parish would be liable for their maintenance when they ceased to be able to earn their living.

Herr Marcquardt showed us the buildings and stock with evident pleasure, and well might he be proud of them, but it was the farm work which interested us most. I said that for miles around the country is mere moorland, peat-moss, and bog, and seven years ago Rickling estate was no exception. It consists of some 1,100 or 1,200 acres, and the parts not yet reclaimed and in course of reclamation reminded us of Flanders Moss, near Buchlyvie. The appearance was exactly the same, the peat being from ten to twenty feet deep, with wet patches every here and there. Unpromising as it looks, however, large tracts have been

brought under cultivation. Reclamation work is done in winter, as far as possible, finished up during the odd spare time in spring and summer, and by autumn the land is ready. Rye is usually sown then, and a good crop is borne the following season. The chief crops grown are rye, oats, barley, potatoes, mangolds, turnips, beans and peas, and a little wheat. There is also excellent pasture, and a number of young pine-trees have been planted, and are thriving.

I said that applicants have to sign a four months' contract on entering. No wages are payable as such, but a small bonus is nevertheless put to the men's credit, and paid over to them when they leave. No beer or alcoholic drink in any form is allowed, drink having been, as usual everywhere, the cause of bringing most of the men down. But those who like may have tobacco, the cost of it being deducted from their bonus when they leave.

The colonists are very far from having an easy life of it. Their working day is from five o'clock in the morning in summer, and six o'clock in winter, till seven o'clock at night, breakfast being served from eight till 8.30, dinner from twelve till one, tea or coffee from four till 4.30, and supper at seven. The food is abundant, but very plain, rye-bread forming the staple. Very few men leave, however, without fulfilling their four months. If anyone does run away, and the bonus at his credit is insufficient to pay for the clothing or boots he has on belonging to the colony, he is, of course, liable to arrest for theft. He can easily be caught, being pretty sure to go to one of the other colonies; but cases of prosecution are altogether exceptional. Many of the men, after a few months' sojourn, are able to get employment at fair wages outside; others, less self-reliant, but capable enough while under discipline and sure of their daily needs, stay on till by the rules they must leave. Some of these simply stay out of the parish for a few weeks, so as not to become "domiciled," and then return; or they go on by means of the Verpflegungs-stationen, or roadside boarding-houses, to the next colony. In either case there seems to me to be a clear gain to society, as the men are, at least, honestly striving to pay their way.

What are the financial results? This is a very difficult question. The colony has considerable outlays for management and tools, for the sand and lime required on the land (none being found on the estate, unfortunately), and for certain necessaries which it cannot produce. Herr Marquardt stated these roughly at 40,000 marks a year, or £2,000. The required revenue is derived from three sources—1st, Grants from

the Provincial Government, those for last year amounting to about 25,000 to 28,000 marks; 2nd, Voluntary Subsidies from the large towns whose natives take advantage of the colony—Hamburg, for instance, paying 6,000 marks, Lübeck and Kiel smaller sums; 3rd, Private Donations through the *Missions-Verein*, under whose auspices the colony was established and is carried on, subject to the supervision of a comptroller appointed by the Provincial Government. Apparently, therefore, it costs about £2,000 a year at Rickling to benefit some one hundred and fifty men. But it would be a great mistake to draw any such conclusion. The land forming the colony was bought originally for 85,000 marks, or £4,250, and is valued now by the Government assessors at from 350,000 to 370,000 marks, or £18,500, so that the increase in capital value is nearly, if not quite, equal to the expenditure. Bearing in mind, moreover, the large amount which, but for the colony, would have had to be spent on these men, either as paupers or as criminals, and the fact that they are rapidly converting a dismal swamp into fertile, food-producing land, I think the Holstein Labour Colony may well be pronounced a great success. This at least was the impression with which my friend and I returned to Hamburg.

Our next visit was to the *Corrections-Anstalt*, about seven miles from Hamburg. This being a sort of penitentiary establishment, details need not be given.

Dr. Fohring and Dr. Hasche had both told us that they believed that men were being reformed in the Free Colonies, but that their long experience went to show that no reformation was ever effected in the penal ones. All that these were good for was the elimination from society for a time of habitual pests. We hoped that the director might have a tale less sad to tell, and questioned him closely as to the results from a reformatory point of view, "practically *nil*," was the answer.

From hospitable Hamburg we made our way to Hanover, and thence by an early morning train to Bielefeld.

This busy little manufacturing town, with its thirty thousand inhabitants, is about seventy miles from Hanover, on the main line to Cologne. We reached it shortly after eight o'clock, and at once sent our cards and letter of introduction to Pastor von Bodelschwingh, with a request that he would favour us with an interview at his convenience. Our messenger brought back word that we would be welcome as soon as we liked, so we set off immediately. We found his house on the slope of a hill on the outskirts of the town.

Pastor von Bodelschwingh may be called the founder of the Free Labour Colonies of Germany, and it was most interesting to hear from his own lips how the idea originated. Before the foundation, ten years ago, of the Labour Colony of Wilhelmsdorf, Bielefeld was infested with beggars. From twenty to thirty would call in a forenoon on him—most of them sturdy, able-bodied fellows, but all with the same pitiful story—they wanted food, and would be only too glad to work for it, but they could not get work. Well, as already stated, the pastor's house is on a hillside; the road up to it has been cut out of the slope, and is so steep as to be practically impassable for vehicles. To the right the land has been levelled for building, but to the left it rises abruptly, and in former times portions of it slipped occasionally and blocked the road. It occurred to Herr von Bodelschwingh that a rough-and-ready retaining wall would be of great use, and that the building of it would give employment for some time at least to the twenty or thirty hungry visitors who called on him daily. From that day forward, whenever a man came to beg he was offered work at the wall, and got as much as he could eat, as well as a night's lodgings, in exchange for his labour. In a few days the average number of daily beggars had fallen to two or three, and these worked willingly. The others, who really did not want to work, disappeared. But an altogether new class of men now turned up—hungry fellows who had never come to beg, but who now came to work, if food was to be had for working.

From these experiences the conclusion was drawn that there are three classes among the very poor—those who like to beg and will not work, of whom at first the proportion seemed considerable; those who will beg rather than starve, but who will rather work than beg if work be forthcoming; those who will starve rather than beg, but who will work for mere subsistence if work is obtainable. Pastor von Bodelschwingh at once set himself to work out a plan for dealing with the problem. He began by laying down for his guidance the following principles:—1st, That if a man is willing to work, work ought to be found for him, and he ought to be sure of food and shelter, at least, in exchange; 2nd, That the work ought to be hard and the remuneration relatively low, so that the man may have every inducement to search for employment in the ordinary way; 3rd, That almsgiving should cease, save in very exceptional circumstances. To give effect to his ideas, he asked his countrymen to join him in establishing: 1st, Labour Colonies; 2nd,

Boarding Stations or Inns for Labourers on the tramp; and 3rd, a League against House to House begging.

Sufficient funds for a beginning were soon subscribed, and on March 22nd, 1882, the Labour Colony of Wilhelmsdorf was opened. Since then the system has become so popular throughout Germany that some twenty-four colonies more or less similar have been created, and there are now boarding stations on all the principal highways to enable "tramps" to work their way from any given point to a colony, or from town to town in search of employment.

The twenty-four labour colonies are all independent of one another, but are represented on the Central Committee in Berlin, of which Count Ziethen is chairman. Meetings are held periodically, at which the latest ideas and improvements in equipment and administration are compared and discussed. In this way healthy emulation and freedom of initiative are retained, while practical identity is secured. The colonies are intended to enable men out of employment to earn food and shelter for more or less lengthy periods. Experience shows that they are apt to be crowded in winter, while the inmates are much fewer in summer, as they then find remunerative outdoor work readily. Herr von Bodelschwingh told us proudly that in 1890 not a single Westphalian had to be told in Westphalia that there was no work for him—summer or winter. Work had been found, too, for all strangers in the summer, but for a few of them it had been impossible to provide in winter.

The *Herbergen* or *Verpflegungs stationen*—boarding stations—are very numerous, there being already about four hundred managed by the *Herbergsverein*, and about six hundred others, more or less similar. The aim is to have such inns on all the main thoroughfares at distances of ten or twelve miles apart, where, for four or five hours' work, a day's food and a night's lodging may be had. The plan has been so far carried out that, practically speaking, a man can work his way from any one point in the country to another, and, in fact, may make a tour right round the empire. Between working and walking he is expected to do nine hours a day, so that if his tramp has required five hours he is let off with four hours' work, and *vice versâ*. The men are recommended to work in the forenoons and "wander" in the afternoons, but this is not compulsory.

The boarding stations also, although more or less independent, are under a Central Committee in Berlin, presided over by Count Eulenberg, so that they are practically the same throughout the country, both as regards equipment and administration. They can accommodate from

twenty to fifty or sixty travellers, and in some of the larger centres they can even take in as many as one hundred. The guests may either earn their supper, bed, and breakfast by their labour, or they may purchase them for 50pfg. (6d.), and may have dinner, too, for 30pfg. extra, that is, about 9½d. in all, or even less in small places. It seems to me that an impecunious modern Wilhelm Meister might do worse than constitute himself a *Wanderbursch* for the purpose of studying men and manners among the common people of Germany. In each *Herberge* is hung up a copy of the regulations, with a map in the centre showing the principal roads to the important places within walking distance. As already said, the men are expected to work in the morning, and "wander" in the afternoon. The work almost always consists of wood-chopping—hence the name in the towns, *Holzthal*—but agriculture was being added on a small scale in the country places, with a view to be able to provide for all comers this winter. No man fit to go on is entitled to remain more than one night in an inn, but in winter, when the colonies are crowded, the regulations are relaxed; the current flows more slowly, so to speak, and this makes it possible to accommodate almost all applicants.

We come now to the third item in the pastor's programme—a league to put down begging. He got the Union against House-Begging formed, and I suppose that everybody who is anybody in Bielefeld, and doubtless throughout Westphalia, belongs to it. Anyhow, we saw the small metal ticket denoting membership stuck as a warning to evil-doers on all the doors at which we stopped at Bielefeld. Members pay a small subscription, to be spent in the organised charity above described; but no beggar need ask for alms at a door bearing the Union's badge. Would our Charity Organisation Societies not do well to adopt some such talisman? They might by its introduction earn the lasting gratitude of the housemaids of our cities, and if their masters and mistresses knew that similar arrangements to those just described had been made for securing that no one willing to work need lack food and shelter, they would doubtless gladly pay the annual subscription necessary to provide these, and feel justified, however soft-hearted, in placing the warning ticket on their doors.

In our party was a wealthy Hamburg merchant, and, fortunately for me, it was he who put the final question, just then on my lips, "How does it pay?" Up got the pastor, his eyes flashing, and, putting his hands on the questioner's shoulders, he said, "Ah, my friend, you are from Hamburg. Like all the rest there, you are cursed with the

commercial spirit—the everlasting business. Don't you know that there are things you cannot estimate in money? Look what has been done all over Germany; Austria is copying us; England and France, they say, are about to follow. But what has Hamburg done? Nothing. *You wait to see if it pays!* You Hamburgers, my friend, have much to answer for. Poor country boys all over Germany look to your fine city on the Elbe as another El Dorado; if they could only get there! They work their way, beg their way, tramp and starve their way—and when they *get* there what do you do for them? Down they go into the gulf!"

"But," remonstrated my friend, "do you forget that Hamburg gives 15,000,000 marks a-year for charitable purposes? Is not that far more than her share?"

"There you are again," was the retort, "always a true Hamburger—valuing everything by money. What we want is personal help and interest in our work. But, after all, How *does* it pay? Well, even a Hamburger must admit that we can show good results. You know the town of Lippe Detmold, with its 100,000 inhabitants? It was calculated that in 1880 it gave at least 100,000 marks (£5,000) a-year to street beggars. Now, its share of contributions for the *Herbergen* is only some 3,000 marks (£150) a-year; and even this is rather higher than the proportion of the whole province. The population of Westphalia is 2,200,000, and its contributions are now 55,856 marks a-year (less than £2,800), or little over half what Lippe Detmold used to pay for 1-22nd of the population. Rickling Labour Colony is almost self-supporting, and bids fair to be so entirely very soon, and Dusseldorf *Holzthal* has actually shown a large profit. But, my friends," he added, "these two are exceptionally fortunate. For me the actual cash result is nothing—at least it is quite secondary. There has been a great saving of taxation—voluntary and involuntary; indiscriminate almsgiving, with all its attendant demoralisation, both to giver and receiver, has been almost stopped, and if you inquire of people in this neighbourhood when they last saw a beggar, they will tell you that they do not remember, or that weeks pass without anyone asking them for alms. And what far out-weighs all this, to my mind, is the moral elevation of our people which we have undoubtedly achieved, and the numbers of men we have saved from vice and crime. These are the priceless victories for which I thank the dear God; and if you add to them the reclamation of miles of waste land, so that we may be said to have 'the desert to blossom as the rose,' I think there is no need to ask 'How does it pay?'"

It was impossible not to feel thrilled by his fine enthusiasm, and we would gladly have waited to hear more of his inspiring words, but time was flying, and an appointment had been made by him for us with Herr Weller at Wilhelmsdorf. Although it was raining heavily, he insisted on escorting us, bareheaded, to the garden gate to show us the retaining wall which was the beginning of his whole enterprise. Then with many thanks we bade good-bye to Pastor von Bodelschwingh, and drove off to see the first German labour colony.

As we neared Wilhelmsdorf we noticed that the soil was little else than sand—in fact, we had come upon the great central sand plain of Germany. In most places the sand is overgrown with a light coating of heath and brushwood, with small fir trees here and there. Other parts we found carefully planted with pine trees at equal distances from one another, and at various stages of growth. Further on, the land was properly under cultivation, or in process of being brought under the spade. This operation is somewhat peculiar. In their natural state these sands will not bear any crop, as the water lodges in them at a short distance from the surface. This is caused by the presence of what Herr Weller called a layer of ochre, at a depth varying from 2ft. to 4ft. The ochre is from 6in. to 12in. thick, and is a hard, rocky substance, but on being broken up and thrown out on the surface it moulders away from exposure to the atmosphere, and forms an excellent manure. Reclaiming the land here, therefore, means digging down to and raising up the ochre, scattering it over the surface, and then leaving it until it has crumbled away. Thereafter the whole surface is ploughed up and levelled, and when this is accomplished it is fit for sowing. The staple crop, as usual, is rye, but peas, cabbage, turnips, and grass or hay are also extensively raised. The grass is of special excellence, three good crops a year being got by a system of artificial irrigation. The water of the stream which flows through the property is dammed up at the highest level, and by a series of sluices the fields can be flooded from time to time so as to give them always an abundant supply of moisture even in the hottest weather.

There is also an extensive market garden where fruit and vegetables are grown, both for the use of the colonists and for the market; and in the buildings we found a large stock of cattle, horses, poultry, and pigs. Far more pigs are reared than can be eaten by the colonists themselves; indeed, a good deal of the produce of all sorts is sold, and other produce more suitable for their wants purchased with the proceeds. The

men themselves who had been in the place for any length of time appeared to us quite up to the average standard of labourers, and when we questioned Herr Weller as to whether he was not troubled with inefficient applicants, he replied that the tramps who were not able to work and did not mean to work, knew better than to apply at a labour colony. Of course, applicants sometimes came who were run down, but usually a few days' regular hours and healthy diet set them up again; if not, they were handed over to some establishment for invalids. The usual labour contract at Wilhelmsdorf is a six weeks' one, for the first fortnight of which no wages are paid; for the next four weeks 20pfg. to 25pfg. per day are put to the men's credit by way of bonus, and this is usually applied by them to the purchase of clothes from the colony store. Those who leave before the six weeks are up get no certificate of character. As this certificate is of great use in the getting of situations the men very rarely risk losing it. Many, on the contrary, stay for much longer periods than six weeks. At the time of our visit the number of men on the farm was over one hundred and twenty. It is fullest in winter, when it has frequently two hundred inmates; in summer the number falls as low sometimes as seventy-five. The cost of maintenance per man seems to be a little more than at Rickling—nearly 88pfg. per day, and about 20pfg. on the average for bonuses, or in all M.1.08, *i.e.*, about 1s. 0½d. Our guide told us that almost all the men who came had been brought down through drink. While in the place they worked well and gave no trouble and many of them on leaving got into good situations as gardeners or farm servants. In the early days of the colony men came who, finding the work hard and regularity irksome, left after a few days; but this sort of thing was practically unknown now.

It only remains for me to refer to Belgium, and it calls for little special remark in so far as its existing Labour Colonies are concerned. They are all of a more or less penal character, so that the Hamburg one may stand for the type. But we found public opinion on the whole question of vagrancy and begging very advanced. Indeed, a Parliamentary Commission, which had been studying it for some time, had just issued its report, of which the main recommendations were: 1st, Prolonged confinement and rigorous punishment of vicious and incorrigible idlers; 2nd, Moral and material help of the unfortunate and infirm in houses of refuge; and 3rd, Training and educating of the young. A Bill embodying these was introduced

into the House of Representatives, and after numerous debates there and in the Senate it was passed last November and became law on the 1st of January this year. It gives the courts power to sentence vicious idlers to confinement for periods of not less than two years and not more than seven years, during which they will be compelled to work regularly, and will be under severe discipline. A small wage will be allowed, and they will be able to lighten their lot, and obtain earlier liberation, by being thrifty and laborious.

The houses of refuge will be charitable establishments rather than penitentiaries. Able-bodied inmates will, of course, have to work to preserve themselves from the demoralisation of idleness, and to produce their subsistence, but the rigours of detention will be lightened as far as possible. There will no longer be any imprisonment nor even sentence in the criminal sense, for mere vagrancy or begging. The Act of 1866 prescribed a short term of imprisonment, not exceeding fifteen days, before confinement in the depôts of mendicity. This the Government now hold was indefensible, because in cases of misfortune it was cruel, and of deliberate laziness absurdly inadequate. The Committee recommended that the expenses connected with the new system should be borne by the whole State, and not, as previously, by each commune—the Government recognising the unfairness of imposing upon one commune, because a vagrant or beggar was born or had resided in it, the cost of measures adopted with regard to him in the interest of the whole kingdom. This was agreed to by the Chambers in regard to all under eighteen years of age, but for adults the cost is to be shared by the State, the commune or parish of domicile, and the province in which the commune lies.

To sum up, the conclusions to be drawn from the experiments made in the countries referred to seem to be that a certain number of vagrants and beggars are to the manner born; that they cannot be reformed; and that the only way to deal with them is to confine them, *and that not merely for short periods of a few months*, in such establishments as Compulsory Labour Colonies. It is not in the nature of things that these should be self-supporting.

The more I have thought over the various problems referred to, the more has the conviction been borne in upon me that such work as providing refuges for the young, the infirm, and the aged, and the creation of town workshops and farm colonies for the unemployed, ought to be the recognised public duty of municipalities and local authorities, instead

of being left to private philanthropy. Paris, as usual, is setting a praiseworthy example. She has long had her municipal hospitals; and an Industrial Colony for vagrants, partly penal and partly voluntary, was recently organised. Now an Agricultural Colony for juvenile delinquents is being established, and the Municipal Council is about to open a Free Agricultural Labour Colony near Paris. Surely there could not be a better field for emulation among our great municipalities than studying practically how best to deal with these classes? Why not frankly acknowledge the duty, and do it thoroughly and systematically? Thrift is a virtue too frequently conspicuous by its absence among the labouring classes; but however thrifty they may be, it is self-evident that many of them cannot possibly save out of their scanty earnings a sufficient provision for times of sickness and old age. They simply rely on their children; in some instances these are indifferent, but in most they are overburdened with the upbringing of their own families. Nothing is left but recourse to parochial relief or private charity, involving in either case *enormous material loss to the helpers* in cost of administration, imposition, and overlapping, apart altogether from the moral loss to the helped.

Several of the people we met were of opinion that before long many Continental States will admit the principle that every citizen who has worked faithfully for his living, in whatever capacity, up to the age of sixty or sixty-five, has earned a pension quite as much as any soldier or Civil servant, and ought to get it as a right. A Bill is now being promoted in the French Chamber for the granting of old age pensions to all citizens on reaching sixty-five, and the Town Council of Paris is again to the front with a proposal for pensioning "les invalides du travail." By this scheme from 1fr. to 1.25fr. a day would be allowed out of the rates to all labourers above a certain age, to enable them to board as welcome guests with their own relatives or friends in the country, instead of being exiled to the crowded solitude of the poorhouses. In many States a system of insurance is already in existence, and our late Government intended to introduce something similar at the instance of Mr. Chamberlain. To my mind his plan has a fatal defect: it leaves the thriftless exactly where they are. I trust the public opinion of this country will for once rise superior to the worship of thrift and self-help —which, after all, are just the euphemisms of cant and humbug for Carlyle's "devil take the hindmost"—and bear in mind in dealing with these problems that "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

D. M. STEVENSON.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

ACTION and reaction, the elementary manuals of mechanics assure us, are equal and in contrary directions. The polite world has ignored the music-halls for so long that, now that it has become aware of their existence, it is perhaps in some danger of taking them too seriously. Are we not a little too eager to erect altars to this hitherto almost unknown god? In Academic Common Rooms Aristotle has been superseded as a dessert topic by Miss Elizabeth Bellwood, and I have heard a Fellow of the Royal Society declare that he found

> Down by the Welsh 'Arp,
> Wich is 'Endon wye

more moving and pathetic than the story of Lear and Cordelia. This is the inconsiderate zeal of recent conversion. After all, *il y a des degrès*, as the judge said to Alexandre Dumas, when he apologised for calling himself a dramatist, and "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road" is not quite the same thing as "Che farò." Let us not, then, exaggerate this newly-discovered importance of the music-halls, nor imagine that a County Council licence for music and dancing is as precious a document as Magna Charta.

Let us rather try to see the thing, in Matthew Arnold's familiar formula, as it really is. To that end we cannot do better than turn to a recently-issued Blue-book, *The Report of the Select Committee on Theatres and Places of Entertainment* (1892), a compilation no less amusing than it is instructive. The curious spectacle which it offers of grave members of Parliament bandying compliments with players and buffoons makes an appropriate pendant to that other one of the County Council personally inspecting Zæo's back. A collection of extracts from the dialogues between committee-men and witnesses might be published as

an appendix to a new edition of Swift's *Polite Conversation.* Such passages as this, for instance :—

MR. ISAACS: May I ask you if you are old enough to remember the class of entertainment which was given in the early years of the reign of her present Majesty?

MR. FARDELL: I am unfortunately old enough to recollect the early days of the reign of her present Majesty, but I did not have the run of the "Coal Hole," for instance, in those early days.

MR. ISAACS: Do you remember the year 1851?

MR. FARDELL: I do, perfectly.

MR. ISAACS: Did you at that time visit any of the places of entertainment in London?

MR. FARDELL: No; I was very well looked after in those days.

MR. ISAACS: You were not sufficiently old to be admitted?

MR. FARDELL: No.

MR. ISAACS: Have you heard of the character of the entertainments given at "Evans's," the "Coal Hole," the "Cider Cellars," "Dr. Johnson's," and the music-halls of that day?

MR. FARDELL: A few years after 1851 I recollect going to the "Coal Hole"; and it was not very elevating.

Not otherwise did Master Justice Shallow and Sir John exchange reminiscences of the old days when they heard the chimes at midnight. And yet members of Parliament complain of the labour of sitting on Committees!

But this Blue-book, as I have said, combines instruction with amusement. It becomes now a sociological tract and now an exercise in the higher arithmetic. It gives us an imposing mass of statistics showing the importance of the London music-halls from the point of view of the business man. Thus we consider them as places of public resort, and Mr. J. L. Graydon, the hon. secretary of the Proprietors of Entertainments' Association, tells us that thirty-five out of a total of thirty-nine are visited by forty-five thousand people nightly, or fourteen millions a year. We learn that they are financial investments of the first rank. They pay from 5 to 80 per cent. Actuaries estimate the value of the Alhambra at £165,000, of the Tivoli at £175,000, of the Empire at £245,000, and of the Pavilion at over £300,000. We turn over another page and see that, at sixteen of the thirty-nine, the number of artists engaged is nine hundred and twenty-six, of minor employees one thousand one hundred and eighty-one, and that £4,566 per week is paid to these in salary or wages. It is only natural to find that an interest

of this industrial importance has an elaborate organisation of committees, secretaries, solicitors, actuaries, *e tutti quanti.*

It is not, however, the industrial importance of the modern music-hall that I propose to discuss, but its artistic significance. This, some people will say, is begging the question at the outset. For these the artistic significance of the music-hall is either negligeable in quantity or of deplorable quality. Mr. Fladgate, the solicitor representing the theatrical managers, told the Select Committee that "when you take a music-hall in its inception, it is simply a room attached to a public-house . . . the attraction is simply this: it is a place to which you can go and have your glass and have a song and have a short dance. . . ." Mr. Pinero is not the only cultivated man who finds the ordinary variety entertainment stupid, dull, and coarse. But do either of these objectors see the thing as it really is? I venture to think not. The facts disclosed by our Blue-book refute Mr. Fladgate. The excess of "dry money," or receipts at the doors, over "wet money," or receipts at the bars, is there shown to be in every case very large. At the Middlesex Music Hall, for instance, an establishment in Drury-lane which caters for the cockney proletariate, a public not, one had supposed, exceptionally abstemious, the books showed an average of 1¼d. for mineral waters per head and 1½d. for alcohol against 9½d. paid for admission. And against Mr. Pinero and the few others who rail against the cult of the *café-concert* I must apologise for setting the fourteen millions aforesaid. To think that so vast a public could be found to tolerate an entertainment which is merely stupid, dull, and coarse is rank pessimism. Fancy that gentle optimist, the author of *Sweet Lavender* and *Lady Bountiful*, shoulder to shoulder with the Schopenhauers, and the Nietsches, and the Strindbergs of this world! The juxtaposition is, to say the least of it, curious.

No, Mr. Pinero: if the modern music-hall were only stupid, and dull, and coarse, it would scarcely appeal, as we all know it does, to the literary "mandarins." M. Edmond de Goncourt tells us more than once in his diary that the *café-concert*, with the circus, is the only amusement left for a man of fastidious taste. One of the most delicate and spiritually minded of our own novelists confesses that an evening with M. Paulus gives him keener delight than a Shakespearean performance. There must be something more in this than mere perversity.

What, then, is the secret of the success achieved by the variety entertainment? May one try and analyse it without being suspected of imitat-

ing that "rhetorician of ancient times," spoken of in Florio's "Montaigne," "whose trade it was to make small things appeare and seeme great"? To begin with, it answers to a permanent need of the human spirit, the desire for amusement without any contributory effort on one's own part. It is a greater relaxation than the drama, because the spectator's attitude is more passive, he is in a state of Buddhistic contemplation; here there is no "purgation" by pity and terror, no "castigation" of manners by laughter. It makes way for the *drang nach Oesten* of the Western man: catches us in our Pasha-like moods: gives us a moment of Omar Khayyam's somnolent beatitude. For this reason the variety entertainment is not the new thing which many of its opponents suppose: it has always been with us. As Mr. John Hollingshead did well to remind the Special Committee, the variety entertainment existed long ago in the very heart of the enemy's country, the patent theatres. "Both the patent theatres had the special privilege to perform Shakespeare; they did not exercise this in any strict or continuous way; if any comic singer or acrobat turned up they made use of him. It is a matter of history that Madame Saqui walked at Covent Garden Theatre from the stage to the top gallery on a tight-rope at the time when they had these special privileges at patent theatres. And in the other house the Kembles engaged some trick elephants to play off against Madame Saqui. And I remember at the Lyceum many years ago Mr. Alfred Wigan coming on and singing a comic song between the pieces." *Varietatem expelles furcâ tamen usque*, &c.

Again, the music-hall accommodates itself not only to this permanent need in us but to a special quality of our modern temper: restlessness, hurry, the demand for short cuts to pleasure. In this aspect the music-hall system of everything by "turns" and nothing long is as much a product of the Time Spirit as the short story, the leaderette, *Tit-Bits*, and the ten minutes' sermon. It satisfies another peculiarly modern demand, curiosity, the taste for the exotic, the tourist spirit. On this account it shares the vogue of Pierre Loti's novels and Messieurs Cook's coupons. The nightly bill, for instance, at the Empire in Leicester Square makes quite a formidable exercise in ethnology. You will have a quartette from Interlaken, another from Bucharest, a troop of Bedouin Arabs, jugglers from the Indies, "knockabouts" from the United States, a chorus party of Spanish students, another of Russian peasants, French types from Tartarin to Mimi Pinson, and acrobats from Japan—"like a congress at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation." Such a pro-

gramme offers you much of the pleasure of foreign travel without the fatigue and expense. Another point in which the music-hall jumps with our modern humour is its Persic apparatus of luxury. It offers you a comfortable seat at a low rate, so enabling you, like Pericles, to "cultivate beauty with economy." It gives you the hygienic alternative of perlustrating spacious corridors. You may drink, you may smoke, you may keep your hat on indoors, like a member of Parliament. If you choose, you may join in the choruses. At many music-halls you may sit in your shirt-sleeves and even (see the evidence of Mr. Graydon of the Middlesex) eat meat-pies. Above all there is the attraction of Alice's Caucus race. You begin your evening when you like and leave off when you like: that is, you may either tarry over your after-dinner coffee or go home early to bed, two privileges denied to the theatre-goer. In fine, the music-hall is the modern Abbey of Thelema, and on its portals is the inscription, "*Fais ce que vouldras.*"

When you choose to turn your attention to the stage, what abundance and variety of sensations await you there! It is the meeting-place of the jocund arts. It epitomises all known forms of entertainment. It is at once a playhouse, a concert-room, a fair, a circus, a review-ground, a gymnasium, a marionette-show, a shooting-gallery, a panorama, a bicycle track, a skating-rink, and a menagerie. The innumerable artists who make up this encyclopædic and kaleidoscopic whole defy exhaustive classification. Yet some attempt at rough-and-ready classification must be made, and it suits my present purpose to take categories not, I dare-say, recognised in the offices of the music-hall agents. If, as I have assumed, there is such a thing as art in the music-halls, it must present the invariable lines of cleavage of art outside the music-halls. Part of it will seek to embellish nature, part merely to reproduce nature, part to exaggerate or even invert nature. Accordingly, I get my first group of variety artistes in the

IDEALISTS.

These are chiefly found among the "serio-comic" ladies, who, dressed in the costume of Prince Charming (reduced to a minimum), sing of birds and flowers, of the pleasures of spring-time, the only pretty sing-time, of Mary's little lamb, of mother's love and grandfather's clock, of the babe lost in the snow, and the street arab run over by an omnibus. They preach the gospel of climate and the affections, the pathos of common things, and the sentiment of a chromolithograph in a grocer's almanac. Needless to say they are inveterate optimists: all will come

right in the end in this best of all possible worlds, if you only put your shoulder to the wheel, or wait till the clouds roll by. A few moments later these same ladies appear in the Gibus and swallow-tail coat of the other sex, and idealise the modern "Johnny," glorifying the will-to-live, the *joie de vivre*, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, declaring themselves

> Fond of a glass or two, fond of a row or noise.
> Hi! Hi! clear the way for the Rowdy-Dowdy boys!

There is also a small contingent of male idealists, frothy patriots for the most part, or veterans who tell, like Old Caspar, of famous victories. In the idealist element, it seems to me, we are confronted with music-hall art at its worst: for this element even Mr. Pinero's adjectives are not too severe. It is of banality, fatuity, vulgarity all compact. Yet its popularity with the audience is indubitable. And so it will be so long as the public includes an Emma Bovary and Marianne Dashwood—that is, until the crack of doom. "Je déteste," said Emma, "les héros communs et les sentiments tempérés, comme il y en a dans la nature." Not so my second group, the

REALISTS,

whose function it is to portray "le héros commun" as he exists "dans la nature." These are chiefly men, and they give us the familiar types of the London streets, figures of Leech or Keene in three dimensions. Thus Mr. Albert Chevalier shows us the Cockney coster as he lives and moves and has his being, driving with his "dona" in the Old Kent-road, or eating shrimps with 'Arriet down by the Welsh 'Arp, wich is 'Endon wye. Delicacy, restraint, perfect finish, vigorous fidelity to life, are the qualities of this master among the variety artists. Mr. Dan Leno though more wild and whirling in style, is still essentially a realist. He presents the greasy chop-house waiter, the smug shop-walker, the distracted railway porter. Another realist shows us the policeman, the guardsman, the bus conductor, the postman. All of them deal in topics which come home to men's business and bosoms: the causal relationship of latch-keys and curtain lectures, the delight of getting tipsy, the ways of babies and mothers-in-law, the inconveniences of quarter day, of having the "brokers in," all the *menus propos*, in short, of a dismal London side-street. They bring home to their audience the minor miseries of life, its shabbiness, its compromises, its paltry sum of achievement; but, being fellows of infinite jest, they, at the same time, indicate the inbred cheer-

fulness, the racy humour, the sociability, the native shrewdness of our *petite bourgeoisie*. In short, they serve us up, all unostentatiously, those very "slices of life" so noisily demanded by M. Jean Jullien and the apostles of the New Drama. A few, only a few, ladies are qualified for this clever division. Miss Bessie Bellwood can show us the barmaid Miss Billee Barlow, the lady barber, and Miss Jenny Hill, the most sincere and observant artist, perhaps, of them all, gives us our 'Arriet to match the 'Arry of Mr. Chevalier. I pass on to a third group, the

FANTASTS,

a large and heterogeneous company. Among them are the "knock-abouts," joyous disputants who fell one another with hatchets or squirt water down each other's backs in the course of a discussion about the weather, and teach us how to combine philosophic imperturbability with assault and battery of amazing violence; acrobats and contortionists; and the innumerable professors of the mysterious and the miraculous, jugglers, "illusionists," mesmerists, ventriloquists, who appeal to the eternal child in man. Here, too, are the "musical clowns," who produce melody from the most unlikely quarters, scraps of wood and old iron, leathern belts, and billiard cues; the "eccentric comedians," who alternate patter as rapid as Madame Bernhardt's in the first act of *Frou-Frou* with frenzied dancing akin to epilepsy; and the whole tribe of "monsters," giants, dwarfs, two-headed nightingales, together with fasting men and lady magnets. All these excellent people, in their several ways, give us the Arabian Nights, the adventures of Baron Munchausen, and the stories of Jules Verne in action. They bring Brobdignag and Lilliput within the four-mile radius, convert the old lies of Herodotus and Sir John Mandeville into axiomatic truths, infringe all the laws of nature, as the Jolly Young Waterman feathered his oars, with ease and dexterity, and, generally, demonstrate to the naked eye that nothing is but what is not.

This tripartite classification regards the variety artistes as individual performers. But at the larger houses they also become units in a crowd, parts of one stupendous whole, which is called ballet. On the glories of the Empire and Alhambra ballets it would be superfluous to descant. It may surprise the old *habitué* of the Scala and the Grand Opera to learn that neither Milan, nor Paris, but London is now the headquarters of ballet. We deprive the Continental nations of their best *premiers sujets* by the highest salaries; we spend more money on the costumes and